

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE NEW YEAR, 1888, TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY (fat and prosperous)—“Here’s looking at you, for another year!”

SEE PAGE 335.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE year 1887 has brought better fortune to the business interests of the country than most of us would have dared predict at its advent. The Treasury surplus which threatened us then was felt to be ominous of coming disaster, and there was little confidence in any remedial action of Congress. No remedy was applied, to be sure, and yet the year has passed without financial disaster. There have been and are uncertainty and danger, but it is something to be thankful for that disaster overwhelming poor and rich has been avoided. At present the danger has been made so clear, that we can confidently count upon some action which will relieve the congested Treasury and inspire new activity in business. Since the condition of business affects us all, it is pleasant to find ourselves with a brighter outlook than a year ago. Moreover, it is satisfactory to find the political atmosphere cleared, and certain great issues sharply defined before the people. The merits and demerits of our tariff are being studied all over the country, and all this discussion must lead to the formation of intelligent opinions. Temperance has been forced upon the parties as a "live issue" which cannot be disregarded, and the revolt against the despotism of the saloon has compelled the attention of the politicians. The popular tendency towards that restriction of the power of the saloon which is accomplished by High-license will undoubtedly be manifested still more strongly in the year to come.

The departing year, too, has been marked by a sensible deepening of the sentiment of national brotherhood and the practical obliteration of the antagonisms which survived the Civil War. If we are not again a really homogeneous people, the forces now at work in our national life will surely make us so in the near future. North and South alike are to-day girding for new conquests along common lines, and thus animated by a common purpose, will grow together more and more as one compact whole as the years go on.

But, after all, it is not politics, nor the material progress of the nation, that chiefly concerns us on New Year's Day. It is easy to thrill with patriotic pride at the general prosperity of our country, the good order, the contentment and freedom which distinguish America from Germany, racked by the uncertainties of the Imperial succession and suspecting hostile aggressions; from Austria, poverty-stricken and fearing Russia's power; from Russia, a cruel despotism, built upon a volcano; and from other foreign countries which at their best groan under the grievous burdens of enormous standing armies. The thought is appropriate, and yet, since the New Year gives a moment's time for looking backward and forward, most of us will be led to think of ourselves: whether the past year has brought us any gain, whether our ideals have been reached or abandoned, and whether we can face the future hopefully. It is not only a question of ourselves, but of others. There are other debts besides those set down in day-book and ledger, for we owe courtesy, cheerfulness and consideration to those with whom we are brought in contact. In the struggle for self, consideration for others grows more rare, and yet no one, whatever his wealth or station, has a right to elbow aside or scorn a brother. The richest owes something to the poorest, the strongest owes consideration to the weakest; and if all realized this and began to act upon it from New Year's Day, we should indeed be certain of a Happy New Year.

WASTE OF TIME BY CONGRESS.

THE delay in organizing the House of Representatives and in adopting the rules to govern its procedure, both of which are necessary preliminaries to the transaction of business, is not a good omen. It affords another evidence of a growing tendency on the part of Congress to waste its time and crowd its important business into the last days of the session, when it cannot receive proper consideration. It has always been customary for the Speaker to announce the Committee on Rules within a day or two after the meeting of Congress; for that committee to make its report; for the House to consider and adopt the rules; and for the Speaker to appoint the other committees before the holiday recess. Two years ago Speaker Carlisle appointed this committee on the third day of the session, and a report was received from it the same day, which, after an unusual amount of heated discussion, was agreed to a little more than a week later. For the first time in the history of Congress, Speaker Carlisle then postponed the announcement of the other committees until Congress reassembled in January. This year, the Committee on Rules was not appointed until Congress had been in session two full weeks, and only a partial report, covering matters about which no controversy was expected, was made before the holiday recess. It will be necessary, therefore, for the House, to consider, when it meets on January 4th, a number of very important changes in the rules before any of the actual business of Congress can begin, and as the committees will require

some time to consider the measures referred to them before they can report any of them for the consideration of the House, it will be nearly the 1st of February before Congress will get settled down to its work.

What excuse is there for this waste of time, when the demand from the country, backed by the entreaty of the President, for immediate legislation upon matters directly affecting the interests of every citizen, is more urgent than it has been for years? There is no possible justification, on grounds of public policy, for such delay. The Democratic party in the House of Representatives finds itself with only a slender majority—one not large enough to be depended upon in an emergency—and that majority divided upon the question of the best method of reducing taxation. The Speaker is a man of fixed convictions on these subjects, but he lacks the courage to grapple with a difficult situation, and organize the House with a view to making a direct issue on the line of the President's Message, and stand by the result; and he has not the skill—it is doubtful if anybody has—to construct the committees in such a way as "to make the two wings of the Democratic party flap together."

There may be another explanation of this delay. The seat in the House of Representatives occupied by Speaker Carlisle is contested, and it is more than hinted in Washington that he desires to avoid, as far as possible, performing the functions of his office until that contest is decided. The Committee on Elections, which has this contest under consideration, adjourned over the holiday recess without reaching a conclusion upon it, and a final decision can now hardly be reached before the middle of January.

The simple fact is, that all the excuses for the delay in getting down to business are political or personal—not one of them is based upon a proper consideration of the great interests of the people or the urgent necessities of the Government. This cannot go on for ever. The country will some time call its unfaithful servants to a strict account.

THE COMING WAR.

THE collision that all men saw to be inevitable after 1870 is now so near at hand that even the most sanguine only think it may not come before Spring, but all are agreed that come it must. Those who imagine that Governments will not enter upon a campaign in the Winter would be a good deal puzzled to assign a cause for their fancy. Wars, once begun, are carried on in Winter as well as in Summer; why should they not begin in Winter? In Austrian and in Prussian Poland, and in Hungary, as well as in Russia, Winter is even, in some respects, a better season for campaigning than Summer. The time of the year may be left out of the problem, as an unimportant quantity. The supposed weakness of Russia in a war with her Western neighbors, due to her oppression of Poland, may also be thrown out of the calculation, since the Poles hate the Prussians at least as bitterly as they do the Russians, and regard the Austrians, their fellow-Catholics, as false friends, and therefore the worst of enemies. Western Europeans seem to have forgotten that the three Powers share the infamy of the partition of Poland; the Poles have neither forgotten nor forgiven one of the robbers.

Stirring up revolt is a dangerous game in Eastern Europe, and it is not likely that Berlin or Vienna will make haste to begin it. Between Russia and Austria the question is one of the Slavs. Russia is the one great Slavic nation; the continued existence of Austria depends upon her becoming a Slavic empire. The smaller Slavic peoples have sympathies with the one or the other of these great empires; and to estimate their relative strength, it is enough to take each by it itself, without its possible clients.

Austria-Hungary has a population of 39,000,000. The army on a war footing numbers, exclusive of the Landsturm, 1,071,000 men, of which 77,000 are cavalry, and 80,000 artillery, with 1,679 cannon. Russia (in Europe) has a population of 88,000,000. The army numbers, on a war footing and exclusive of the militia, 2,000,000. Of these, 204,000 are cavalry, while the artillery counts 120,000 men, with 3,778 guns. So far as the quality of the troops is concerned, neither army can be said to possess an advantage; for, notwithstanding the numerous defeats they have suffered, the Austrian soldiers are as good as any in Europe. Russia would undoubtedly win in a hand-to-hand struggle with Austria-Hungary, by mere superiority of force; but, if the war comes, Austria will be doing the work of Germany, and must have the addition to her strength of such forces as Germany is able to spare. This will not be, in any case, more than half the German army, since, even with the active aid of Italy, Germany will need all her disposable men to keep her French frontier. Disregarding the smaller nations of the East and the West, which will have divided interests and will hold each other in check, Russia will find herself engaged with Austria-Hungary aided by half the German army. Can she hold her own?

The population of Germany is 47,000,000, and her war strength, exclusive of the Landsturm, is put down at 1,536,000 men, of which number 1,266,000 are infantry, 106,000 cavalry and 164,000 artillery, with 2,808 cannons. So far as figures tell anything, they show that Russia can face a war against Germany and Austria-Hungary. Allowing the German army every possible credit for efficiency, there is nothing in history to justify the

assumption that a German soldier is, *per se*, superior to a Russian.

If the conflict comes, the heaviest strain will fall upon Germany, since half her army will be the very least she can send against Russia, and she must draw upon the Landsturm to hold her western gates against France. Half the German regular army on the war footing would be but 750,000, to oppose 1,000,000 which France could employ against her enemy on the Rhine, without weakening the 700,000 she could turn against Italy. On land, the forces in the conflict would be fairly matched; but if the war extended to France and Italy, France and Russia would have an undoubted superiority over the others at sea. Nothing would save the fleets of the Triple Alliance but the co-operation of England.

A NEW STAPLE.

HE who shall succeed in adding a new and profitable industry to this country will take high rank among its benefactors. A hopeful candidate for this honor is Governor Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture, in the development of silk culture. It has long been known—at least ever since the mulberry craze of forty years ago—that the silkworm and his preferred food, the *Morus alba*, would grow and mature anywhere south of the line of Lake Erie, but efforts to make a paying business of raising the cocoons have all failed hitherto because of the absence of a market for those luxurious coffins. Governor Colman's ambition is to make a market.

The reason why a market is absent is, that it does not pay to spin the silk from cocoons by hand, in competition with the hand-workers of Italy and China. Only machinery can rival them. At last a machine has been constructed whose touch is so delicate that it can spin these airy filaments, can accurately determine when they are too thick or too thin, can add another cocoon at the right time, and can produce a thread that is more uniform than any made by hand. This, Governor Colman believes, solves the problem, and is as important as Whitney's cotton gin was in the production of the coarser fabric. He has therefore established a Government filature where these intelligent machines do the work, and he advertises that the Government will buy at a fair living price all cocoons that can be grown, and he expresses the opinion that a filature in private hands, run under commercial conditions, would be profitable.

If Governor Colman's prognostication shall be justified by events—if he shall so far succeed in his official experiment as to induce business men to take hold of it and prove the correctness of his conjecture—his service will be of greater value than that of almost any other member of the Government. There are in this country hundreds of thousands of women, poor, industrious and healthy, who, under prevailing conditions, are unable to do anything towards self-support, but who, if cocoons can be commercially reeled, can earn a good deal of money in an occupation that is cleanly and easy, requiring no strength or machinery and but little skill—needing, in fact, only vigilant care. Just such an industry would find warm welcome by multitudinous willing hands, and it is to be hoped that Governor Colman is correct in believing that American silk culture has at last, so to speak, emerged from its chrysalis, and shown its ability to fly on its own native wings.

FOREIGNERS OF THE RIGHT SORT.

THE evils caused by foreign immigration to our large cities attract national attention and cannot easily be exaggerated. But the concentration of the public mind upon a gloomy phase of the subject may blind people to an encouraging aspect. While there are cities which number their foreign-born inhabitants by the hundreds of thousands, yet only about a third of all the people in the United States who were born abroad are found in our fifty largest cities, including all which have a population exceeding 35,000. The other two-thirds are for the most part scattered through the rural districts.

These millions of quiet residents of foreign birth in the rural districts often fall under the ban of condemnation equally with the noisy foreigners of the cities, whereas they have scarcely anything in common with them. The Irish were the first race to come to this country on a large scale, and time enough has now elapsed in many sections to test and establish their capacity for transformation into good Americans under such favorable conditions as prevail in agricultural regions. It has been proved that they can and will become desirable members of the community, and it even looks as though the native stock would in the end profit by the infusion of this new strain.

Many of the "hill towns" in Vermont have lost population during the last twenty or thirty years. The children and grandchildren of the old settlers complain that they cannot make a living out of the land any longer. But of late Irish families have been appearing in these towns and occupying the deserted farms. Their neighbors at first look at them askance, and have some excuse for doing so because of their untidiness and general carelessness as to appearance. But they soon mend their ways in this respect, while in industry, frugality and other such cardinal virtues, they do not need to improve. They work hard, they save their money, they do not lounge about the village, and so it comes about that in a little town like Barnard, a dozen or more farms have within a few years fallen into Irish hands. Onondaga County, in Western New York, was originally settled by people from Hampshire County, Mass., and a native who recently returned to the home of his boyhood reports that the old stock has either died or moved away, and that their places have largely been filled by Irish, who are getting better returns from the soil than their predecessors.

The public school is the great agent in transforming the new generation of Irish descent into thorough-going Americans. There are so few Catholics in any one of these rural towns that a parochial school is out of the question, and the Irish boys and girls go to the

public schools as a matter of course. They mingle there on terms of perfect equality with the children of the oldest native families, and each race comes to drop its prejudices regarding the other. Indeed, it is the rare exception that the Irish child trained in the public school desires to maintain the race issue. He is proud of his descent, but he prefers in America to be known as an American rather than as an Irishman. So thoroughly does he accept American ideas, that already there sometimes reaches a Massachusetts college an Irish student from one of those hill-town farms, who only enjoys the opportunity of such an education through the self-denial and generosity of his family, as so many an American boy has "gone to college" in the past.

At a time when the bad and the dangerous side of the immigration question is thrust upon attention, it is only just to keep in mind that there is another and an encouraging side.

SHOULD ALCOHOL BE MADE CHEAPER?

WHEN the removal of the tax on alcohol is advocated as a help to the reduction of the surplus, the thoughtful Protectionist must realize that this is dangerous ground. There is a chance for argument on either side regarding the tax on tobacco, but the cheapening of the more potent alcoholic beverages is a serious matter. But the propriety or unwisdom of this course can be definitely determined. On the one hand, ex-Governor J. D. Long, of Massachusetts, maintains the opinion of some extreme Protectionists that the claims of the users of alcohol for a remission of taxation are to be preferred to the claims for relief put forward by the users of clothing, carpets, blankets, etc. It is perfectly evident that this claim can only be supported by absolute proof of the general utility of alcohol. This Mr. Long endeavors to furnish, but his proof is nothing more than a second-hand statement that of the \$69,092,266 received by the Government in 1886 as a tax on spirits, "some \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000 is from spirits used in our useful arts and industries—in paints, chemicals, dyes, medicines, by builders, hatters, furniture-makers, etc." If this is true, then alcohol is entitled to more consideration than it has hitherto received. But Mr. Long can give as his authority only a pamphlet by a Mr. Smith, and a general statement made in behalf of an interested body, the National Wholesale Drug Association. But there is a means of gaining exact knowledge in the tables showing the production and consumption of wines and liquors in this country published by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department. This report contains a letter from the largest firm dealing in alcohol in this country. These dealers say:

"With the data at hand, viz., the daily output of the 51 houses producing distilled spirits whose product in whole or in part is used in the arts and manufactures, and from the fact that we receive and handle the greater part of the spirits used in the arts and manufactures of this country, we believe that the entire quantity of distilled spirits entering into consumption annually in the arts and manufactures is less than 10 per cent. of the whole quantity annually produced, or 6,000,000 proof gallons. The 51 houses referred to are the only distillers whose product is used in industry in any degree. Their combined output is 51,000,000 proof gallons. The difference between this product and the quantity of distilled spirits retained in the United States during the year ending June 30th, 1886, is composed of whiskies of various brands and spirits distilled from fruit, in no way entering into the arts."

This estimate, which is given as a fair average for five years, is confirmed by Government inquiry and by authoritative trade publications. It therefore appears that instead of receiving \$30,000,000 in taxes upon alcohol used in the arts, the Government receives the tax upon 6,000,000 gallons, or about \$5,400,000. This amount is hardly so onerous to consumers nor important to the Government that the tax need be abated, when its abatement would make cheaper and more common the strong beverages for which 90 per cent. of the alcohol manufactured here is used.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

LOOKING back through the narrowing vista of years, the thoughtful observer who has reached the shady side of middle life is forced to admit that there is reason in the dictum of "society," that New Year's calls shall be no more. The admission cannot be made without a sigh: it is impossible to recall those New Year's Days in the forties and early fifties—to go no further back—their genial hospitalities, their frank enjoyments, their modest formalities, half echo of ancient courtliness, half prophecy of modern convention, without a feeling of regret. There was still, in those days, a recognition that the custom, with all its hearty cheeriness, was in some sort a solemn function. A faint aroma of chivalry still lingered about it: every woman sat in her parlor, however unpretentious, as in a room of state, and every man of her acquaintance came to do her homage. It was all a reminiscence of older, staterlier times.

But the glory is departed. New Year's calls have become, first, a mania to excel one's neighbors in the degree of homage received and given; then an incentive to extravagance in display—in eating—above all, alas! in drinking; then a wearisome bore; then an unmitigated nuisance; and now, what time the brains are out, all meaning, memory, gracious observance, gone, it is time, indeed, the thing were dead. Society has well done in so decreeing; and the grizzly-haired observer, recalling with a sigh the pleasant New Year's Days of yore, has no sigh to breathe over the ghastly travesty that for some years past has been masquerading under the worthy name of good old Knickerbocker custom. "The King is dead; long live the King!" There are new customs galore to take the place of the old: Tuxedo Parks, and resorts of that ilk, where men and women may mingle with no hospitable care beyond that of paying the score, no incurring of social obligations beyond those that the payment of another bill can discharge, no danger of indiscreet presumption beyond the bounds which modern convention has placed about social intercourse.

Not that modern convention is to be disparaged, or considered as a matter of regret. It may be that ours smacks of crudeness, as of a fruit not fully ripe; it may be that often the glitter of lavish expenditure does duty for the solid lustre of a high polish, the arbitrary rules of a clique for the natural dignities of long-inherited gentility; still it is time that a certain degree of formality should replace the spontaneity of our earlier social life. Society has become too complex, its elements too heterogeneous, to be ruled longer by natural law, ceremony, convention, have now their time.

There is sadness, it is true, in the dying out of old observances—those bands that link our present with the priceless past. Yet, better so than living on, to lose their true significance, the very soul that made them things of worth.

A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Knisbury which requires that a residence of three years shall be necessary before an alien can declare his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and of two years additional before he

shall have the right to vote or hold office. It is also provided that applicants for citizenship shall write their names in English on their petitions, and that no person having the power of speech shall be admitted to citizenship who cannot speak the English language. Such a law would certainly be a step in the right direction, and there is no conceivable reason why it should not be enacted.

A NEW danger to passengers who propose, when the proper flying-machine is invented, to travel in the upper air, taking long journeys in the sky, has just materialized in the fate of the unknown aeronaut whose remains have been picked up in Kentucky. He went towards the moon a month or so ago, lost control of his balloon, and not finding any accommodations on the aerial highway for man or beast, he miserably perished of hunger. Such a warning should have a depressing effect upon the inventors of machines for navigating the air.

THE Commission appointed by the Legislature of this State two years ago to inquire as to a more humane method than hanging in taking the life of a criminal, is said to be ready to recommend electricity as a substitute for the rope. Two of our prominent religious journals, in view of this report, hasten to express a fear lest death by electricity should not be painful and degrading enough to operate as a check upon murderers. Possibly the difficulty mentioned by these journals might be obviated by the use of the thumbscrew or the bastinado upon the criminal for an hour or two before killing him!

THE Dependent Pension Bill now before the Senate is virtually the same as the one which President Cleveland vetoed last Spring, and, however fervent patriots may explain that it is a measure to secure justice "for men who have lost their papers," it is obviously a measure to obtain a pension for hundreds of thousands of men who have no right to it on any plea. It opens the doors wide to all ex-soldiers—to bounty-jumpers, to shirks and cowards, and sutlers' assistants and coffee-coolers—to all who were enlisted for three months, whether the service was at the front or rear, if they are willing to plead poverty. It offers a premium for perjury and a prize for mendacity. It puts heroes and poltroons on a level, and offers an additional reward to bummers, stragglers and deserters who have already been paid much more than they were worth. This is Manderson's Pension Bill.

It is not an easy matter to secure a divorce in Canada—in fact, it is so extremely difficult and expensive as to be almost unattainable by any but the rich. There being no divorce law in that country, a dissolution of the marriage-tie can only be secured by special Act of Parliament, and this is at once tedious and costly. The number of divorces granted by the Canadian Senate since that chamber came into existence, in 1867, has been extremely few. There are now awaiting the action of that body five applications for divorce—a small number, indeed, out of a population of over 5,000,000. But, small as this number is, it is in excess of the number usually applying for a legal separation. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that, moral and law-abiding as the people of Canada admittedly are, there would be very many more applications of this sort if the laws were not practically prohibitory except as to the wealthy.

A WRITER in the *Tribune* approves of Senator Raines's proposal to give pensioners a lump sum at once, for life, instead of the small sums due them annually; the amount of such sums in each case to be determined according to the tables of longevity in use by the life insurance companies. It is assumed that not a few pensioners would be glad in this way to pay off mortgages on their homes or meet other claims upon them before death, in order thereby to leave their families more independent at last. The first year the advantages of such an option might be offered to pensioners receiving \$2 or \$4 per month; the second year to those who receive \$6 per month; the third to those receiving \$8 per month; and so on to the end of the list. Thus we should diminish the surplus in the Treasury by paying off the nation's obligations and leaving undisturbed our vast industrial and commercial interests, which depend upon the stability of the tariff.

AN English gentleman has been upheld for some generations as the finest product which civilization has bestowed upon the world. We note that the "English gentleman" was well represented at the brutal fight between Kilrain and Smith, where the Marquis of Queensbury, Lords de Clifford, Thurston, Craven, and other scions of the British nobility, were among the most enthusiastic spectators. According to a London correspondent, "more than one English gentleman is ready to offer his park or his drawing-room for the Sullivan-Mitchell fight on condition that the host selects the guests." This is very like the Roman gentlemen, in the days of bloody gladiatorial contests, who occasionally entertained their friends after dinner by hiring a couple of gladiators to chop each other to pieces. If the English gentleman is the perfect flower of civilization, it is hard to say whether civilization has advanced or gone backward. Just at present the English gentleman seems to belong to ancient Rome.

SINCE Mr. Joseph Chamberlain came to us as the representative of a great nation with which we are at peace, it was certainly appropriate that he should be treated like a guest. He came in an official capacity to discuss an important public question. It was proper that officers of our Government with whom he was brought in contact should extend to him the hospitality which would be extended to a representative of America in England. Mr. Chamberlain's private political beliefs concerning questions of English politics are something with which the officers of our Government have nothing whatever to do. All this ought to be plain to the dullest comprehension, and yet there are some constitutional malcontents who have made a great pother over the courteous treatment of Mr. Chamberlain in Washington because on the other side he is an avowed opponent of Mr. Gladstone's plan of Home Rule for Ireland. This is a singularly unworthy attempt to arouse prejudice for political purposes.

Who can keep pace with the new applications of electrical force? No week passes, scarcely a single day, in which this subtle force is not made to serve modern society in some novel way. Only a few weeks ago we noticed a new contrivance by Mr. Edison for communicating between ships at sea, and now Mr. Drawbaugh, of Pennsylvania, proposes to supply armies, and vessels too, with electrical pickets that shall give timely warning to military commanders of the approach of bodies of troops and the direction from which they are coming, and to the officers of a ship at sea information of the neighborhood of any other craft. The tales of Aladdin's lamp are tame compared with the wonders of this little-understood force. Like the great philosopher who, in reviewing a lifetime crowded with achievements, seemed to himself only to have

wandered on the shores of knowledge and picked up here and there a pebble, so modern science has only just begun to explore the ocean of possibilities which electricity offers.

A BILL has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Farwell as a substitute for the Oleomargarine Bill, and applying the principle thereof to every form of food or drink adulteration. The constitutional right of Congress to legislate on this subject being conceded, there are strong reasons for such an enactment. Food adulteration is very extensively practiced, and in many cases, no doubt, to the great detriment of the health of consumers. It is difficult, however, so to define the offense that the statute for its punishment cannot be evaded, and our lawmakers will find their ingenuity put to a severe test. The penalty for adulteration set down in the new Bill is for the first offense a fine of five hundred dollars, or imprisonment for six months, or both; and for each succeeding offense a fine of one thousand dollars, or imprisonment for one year, or both; and the fine so imposed is to be paid, one-half to the informer and one-half to the United States District Attorney prosecuting the case.

NOTHING more foolish has been done by the Senate in recent years than the postponement, till after the holiday recess, of the nomination of Secretary Lamar to be a Justice of the Supreme Court. The ostensible reason for the delay of his confirmation is the claim that Mr. Lamar is "not a lawyer"; the real reason is the fact that he was an officer of the Confederacy. The ostensible objection is disposed of by the well-known fact that for more than twenty-five years he was an active and popular practicing lawyer in the courts of Georgia and Mississippi; the real objection, by the circumstance that the war is over. Ex-Confederate soldiers have appeared in the Cabinets of two Republican Presidents, have been appointed Ministers to the first courts in the world by Republican Presidents, and are sitting now as Republicans in both Houses of Congress, and the Judiciary Committee that now hangs up Mr. Lamar's name is the creature of a Senate whose one majority is the vote of the Republican Confederate soldier, Riddleberger.

It looks very much as if the Democrats in Congress have determined to offset the claims of Dakota for admission into the Union with similar claims for Utah, and will insist that if the former is admitted the latter must also be taken in. Such a policy would be simply outrageous, and we are not prepared to believe that it can command the approval of either House. The claims of Dakota to admission are positive and unquestionable, and to deny them, or to annex conditions of any sort to their practical recognition, is neither just nor wise. Utah, on the other hand, so long as she maintains the abomination of polygamy, is entitled to no consideration whatever. Every dictate of sound policy demands that she should be kept in Territorial subjection. Once admitted to the Union, she could establish polygamy constitutionally, and would be able, in spite of all the Federal Government could do, to maintain it both as a social and political factor. That the Democratic leaders should make the admission of Dakota and Washington conditional upon the recognition of Utah as a State is, under the circumstances, a sorry exhibition of the degeneracy of political morals.

THE party of Northern and Western capitalists and iron manufacturers who recently visited the South for the purpose of observing for themselves the industrial and railroad progress of that section, and the prospects for the future, were more than satisfied with what they saw. Several of them have written letters in which they say that the reports of material growth have not been exaggerated, and they are unanimous in the opinion that the recent development of the industrial resources of the South will bring permanent prosperity to that section of the country. It is not necessary to repeat what they say. It is the same story that is told by Judge Kelley, member of Congress from Philadelphia, in his newspaper letters last Summer and in the instructive little book he has since published, and by the correspondents of many Northern newspapers who have written from the South during the past year. There is to be a New South—that no one will question—but it will be comparatively limited in area, the development of minerals and manufacturing resources being confined to particular localities in a few States, while the people of the agricultural sections will plod along much in the old way, benefited somewhat by the incoming of capital, but helped only indirectly by the "boom" which the coal and iron have brought to the favored region.

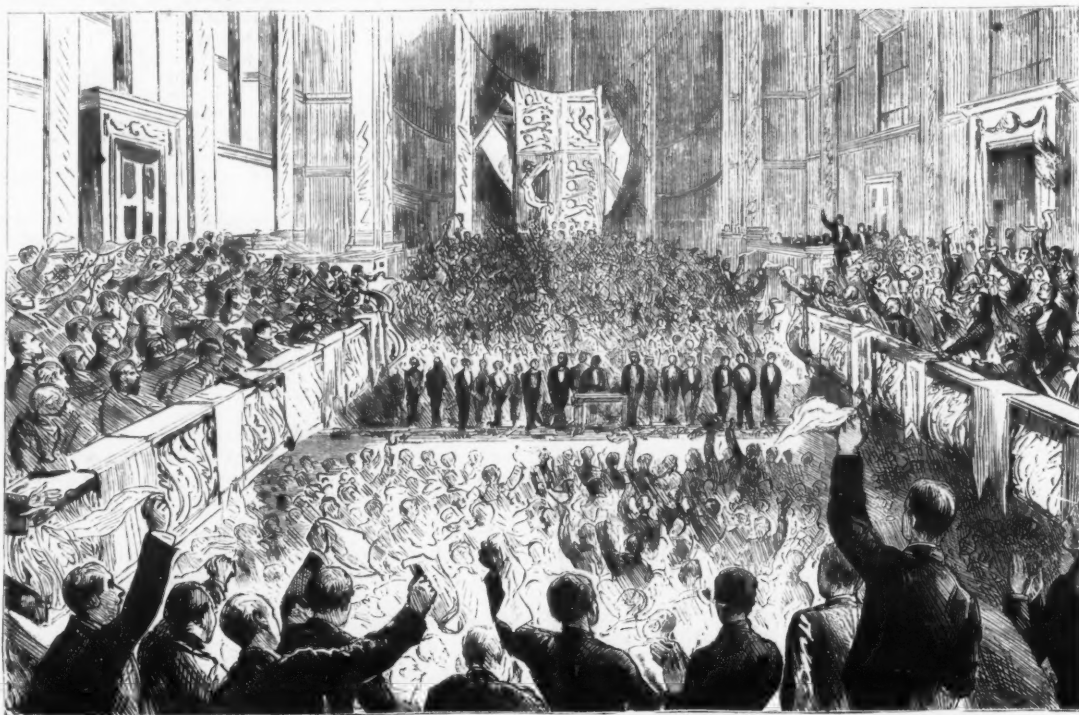
THE whisky distillers of the country, through their representatives, lately in session at Peoria, Ill., have been trying to organize a giant monopoly of the whisky business. How far the effort succeeded is matter of dispute, but there is reason to believe that in any event it will succeed sooner or later and become a public pest, necessitating a combination on the part of good citizens for its overthrow. On every hand we see signs that the country is about to enter upon a struggle with the rum power that will shake society to its foundations; and the worst of it is that temperance extremists, instead of working on practical lines and by a policy which has some chance of success, are absolutely playing into the hands of the liquor-dealers. This is very discouraging to true temperance men, but the latter should adhere pertinaciously to reasonable and sensible measures. If they will but do this, the people will ere long rally to their standard. The drift of opinion in the Republican party in this direction is growing stronger day by day, and we hope it may become irresistible. The leaders of that party may rest assured that the time is gone by when it was possible to evade this question, or when anything could be gained by seeking to conciliate the liquor power. That power has found agents and influences better suited to its ends.

A NUMBER of the independent petroleum refiners of Western Pennsylvania propose to organize a combination to assert the right of any man who chooses to go into that business to equal treatment with the most favored corporation, and to aid him in establishing that right in the courts. It is high time that some such movement should be commenced against the Standard Oil Company and the railroad companies who conspire with it. It is no answer to complaints of the oppression of this monster monopoly that the consumer buys oil cheaper to-day than he ever did when there was comparatively free competition. The whole principle is wrong by which a board of directors in Cleveland, O., is enabled to sit in its office and fix the price at which oil shall be sold in the whole country, and the rate per barrel which the independent producer shall be allowed to receive as a condition of his pumping oil at all. The enormous wealth of the Standard Oil Company, largely gained since it organized the monopoly, and the large dividends paid, show that oil ought to be sold cheaper than it now is, and it is just as much an oppression of the people to charge fifteen cents a gallon for kerosene when it might be sold for ten, as to charge seventy-five when it might be sold for fifty cents. We hope that the new combination may succeed.

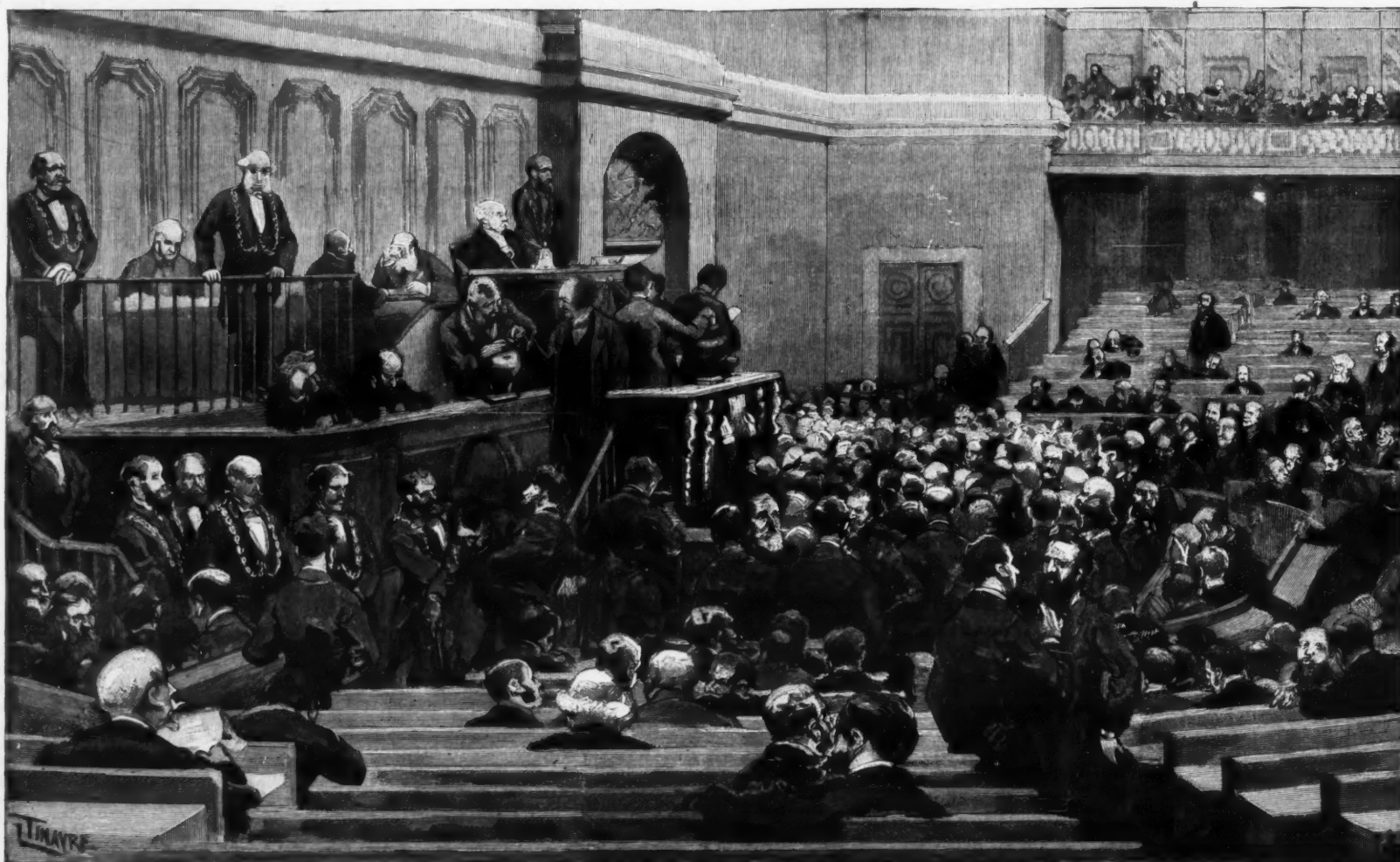
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 334.



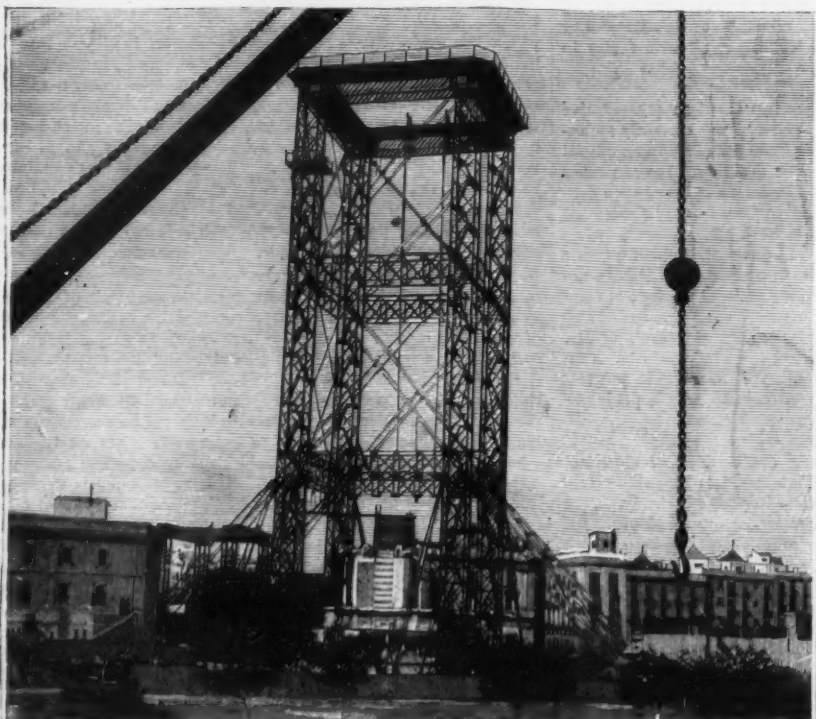
FRANCE.—M. CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.



IRELAND.—UNIONIST BANQUET GIVEN BY LORD HARTINGTON AND MR GOSCHEN IN DUBLIN.



FRANCE.—THE SENATE AND CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, IN CONGRESS, BALLOTING FOR PRESIDENT, AT VERSAILLES, DECEMBER 3D.



SPAIN.—PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT BARCELONA.



NORWAY.—MAIN STREET OF HAMMERFEST, THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN EUROPE.



A DAY'S WORK ENDED.—DRAWN BY MATT MORGAN.
SEE PAGE 333.

OLD AND NEW.

As the old year sinks down in Time's ocean,
Stand ready to launch with the new,
And waste no regrets—no emotion—
As its masts and its spars pass from view.
Weep not if some treasures go under
And sink in the rotten ship's hold;
That blithe bonny bark sailing yonder
May bring you more wealth than the old.

For the world is for ever improving.
All the Past is not worth one To-day;
And whatever deserves our true loving
Is stronger than death or decay.
Old love?—was it wasted devotion?
Old friends?—were they weak or untrue?
Well, these drown there in mid-ocean,
And proudly sail on with the new.

Throw overboard toil misdirected,
Throw overboard ill-advised hope,
With aims which your soul has detected
Have self for their centre and scope;
Throw overboard useless regretting
For deeds which you cannot undo,
And learn the great art of forgetting
Old things which embitter the new.

The old years will grant no concession—
Like misers, they keep what they hold;
The new years march on to progression—
March with them, and mourn not the old.
Sing who will of dead years departed,
I shroud them and bid them adieu;
And the song that I sing, courage-hearted,
Is a song for the glorious new!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY
AND HER THREE UNCLES.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

A WEEK later my uncle came to dinner in company with a stranger. I had not seen him arrive. I had no idea when he came or from what direction. I only knew he was there; I only felt that he was the new teacher.

He was the tallest man I had ever seen, and the most spare and thin. His hair was long, and as straight as could possibly be; its blackness contrasted remarkably with his wonderful pallor. His face was, as I have hinted, almost utterly devoid of color; his features were rugged and irregular; he never smiled; in fact, I believe he never could. His eyes were as black as his hair, eager and intense; there was a look in them which fascinated while it frightened me. I could not help thinking that he was the most thoroughly *vide-ave* man I had ever seen.

His eyes seemed to be the man; his face, a treacherous mask worn to deceive.

Mark Dawdon came briskly forward.

"Miss Maude," he said, "allow me to present my brother, Richard. Mr. Dawdon, my niece, Miss Vazoill."

We bowed, and went through a pretense of shaking hands.

My Uncle Mark took it upon himself to explain matters for both of us.

"Dick is thirty," he said, turning to me, "and a graduate from one of the best colleges in this country. He has studied in Germany. He has traveled extensively. He has just completed a course in law in New York. You will find him amply qualified to give you the instruction you need." Then to his brother he said: "Maude has been sadly neglected. You were abroad when Constance died, or I think I should have sought your services then. But I hope it is not too late now."

Dinner was dull. When it was over my Uncle Mark proposed that Uncle Dick (as I was to call my teacher) and myself should begin our work at once.

"Let us begin with botany," I said, eagerly. I felt as though I must get out into the fresh air, and away from at least one of these men, and besides, I was very fond of studying flowers and plants, and had been from a child.

We went out together; we found some specimens, most of them very common ones, which I felt were worth our study. He showed little interest in the matter; in fact he acted as though it bored him. Before we had been out doors an hour I had discovered that the education of the man who had been selected to teach me was only a hollow sham.

"Three o'clock," said he, pulling his watch from his pocket, and looking at it, "only an hour since dinner. It's going to be terribly stupid to be cooped up here, away from all the world, teaching a girl so young that one can't flirt with her, and one's niece besides. Let's go over by the Black Pool and sit down. It's a cheerful place for a little conversation—don't you think so?"

I didn't know what to think. I simply followed him.

"You're a very clever girl, I think," he said, stopping in his walk and turning towards me; "a very clever girl for fourteen. I think you know more about leaves and flowers and stuff than I do, and I've got a diploma somewhere, too. Do you confine your attention to bugs and buds and boulders, or do you keep your eyes and ears open in—in a general sort of way?"

I glanced timidly into his face. His great eyes were blazing into mine as though they would read my very soul.

"I—I try to," I said.

He laughed; that is, he made a sound like a laugh, but without a sign of a smile upon his face.

A moment later we reached the edge of the cliff above the Black Pool.

"Sit down," he said, setting the example himself, "and have a look at this cheerful scene. I think I'll have you sketch it some day. You draw, I suppose; I don't."

He took out his pocket-knife, picked up a stick, and began to whittle.

Suddenly he looked up again, and fastened my reluctant glance with the power of his own.

"He's a sly old rascal, isn't he?" he asked.

Naturally enough this question fitted into my own train of thought.

"Do you mean your brother?" I gasped.

He laughed his horrible laugh again, the laugh which appealed to the ear but gave nothing to the eye.

"Of course I do," he responded, carelessly; "it isn't possible you've lived here with him all these years without finding it out, is it?"

I shook my head, half in reply, half in puzzled doubt.

He rose carelessly from where he was sitting, took up a huge limb which had fallen from one of the trees, and threw it over into the pool.

"Look at that, please, but hang on tight," he said.

I looked over into the dizzy depths, and remembering the story I had heard of the horrible place, I did hold on. The bough struck the water. It went under, out of sight, as though a giant hand from beneath the surface had grasped it and drawn it down. We waited for a long time in silence.

I heard a sharp click near me, and turned my head. Mr. Dawdon had just closed his watch.

"It is fully five minutes," he said, solemnly; "a man down there—or a woman—or a little girl like yourself—wouldn't have much of a chance. The bough will never come up again, I think."

He resumed his seat and the use of his knife again.

"I believe a man did go in there once," he said, without looking up.

"I have heard such a tradition," I replied.

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, contemptuously. "I haven't much faith in the traditions that date back to colonial times. Did you ever hear of—of—well, I've forgotten his first name—A something—Alexander or Albert or something of that sort—Vazoill?"

I started, and felt my face growing white.

"I see you have," he said, and laughed again in his uncanny way. "Perhaps you'd like to see my contract for your instruction," he said, presently, with what seemed to me in my ignorance like a very abrupt change of subject; "I believe it is your money which pays for it."

He reached out a formidable document. I took it in my hand.

"It's going to be a terrible bore, this living here for seven long years," he said, and yawned wearily.

I read his contract, rich with much legal verbiage, and duly signed, sealed, and witnessed.

Put into plain English, this was its substance:

"Mr. Richard Dawdon is employed by Mr. Mark Dawdon to give instruction to his ward and niece, Miss Maude Vazoill, at such times and places and under such conditions as Mr. Mark Dawdon may from time to time impose, for the term of seven years. Mr. Richard Dawdon shall reside continuously at Dawdon Place during the entire term of seven years, unless directed to travel with Miss Maude Vazoill, receiving as compensation the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, being two thousand dollars a year, and his board, washing, etc. The salary of Mr. Richard Dawdon shall be paid quarterly in advance, five hundred dollars at each payment. Provided, however, that in the event of the death of Miss Maude Vazoill before the age of twenty-one years, the services of Richard Dawdon shall cease, and his time be at his own disposal. Provided, further, that in the event of the death of the said Maude Vazoill before the age of twenty-one years, the remainder of the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, not paid before that event, shall be paid at once to the said Richard Dawdon."

I handed back the paper, shaking with a perfect agony of terror.

"Shall we come here and sketch this beautiful place to-morrow?" he asked, with another yawn, as he rose lazily to his feet, "or would you prefer to begin the grand subject of chemistry?"

I turned away from him with a shudder.

"Do my eyes trouble you?" he asked. His tone was a little sarcastic, but there was something in it which gave me hope again.

"Yes—I—I think so. They look so wide awake!"

"That's it," he responded, bitterly, "they are wide awake. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but I never sleep. I have not slept for more years than you have lived."

"Not slept!" I cried, incredulously; "not slept! What do you mean?"

"What I say. It's some nervous disease, I believe, which the doctors do not understand and cannot cure. I go to bed, a little later, perhaps, than most people do, and I rest; I would rest more, of course, if I could sleep, but I rise refreshed as it is. I never lose consciousness. I never forget who I am nor where I am. I hear everything that goes on. I have plenty of time for thinking. Perhaps I need it. There will be sleep for me in the grave, I hope." There was genuine despair in his tones.

"How did it begin?" I asked, forgetting my own trouble in the interest I took in his.

"Watching a man. In fact, I'm watching him yet."

"Watching a man?"

"Yes, Mark Dawdon. I allowed myself to become eager and excited. I forced myself to go without sleep until I got so wide awake that I shall never get to sleep again."

"Why did you watch him? Why?"

"See here," he interrupted me, "just put your name at the bottom of that, will you? I've loved money all my life. I've been mean and despicable and unscrupulous. I've tried again and again to break away from the demon of greed. I cannot do it; it overmasters me. I must have money. I will have money. Why did I seek an education? Because it will bring me money. Why is my education a sham and a fraud? Because it is easier to get and as profitable to use as better would be, and because I've spent the time that should have

gone in study in earning money. If I lived in an age in which it were possible, I suppose I would sell my soul for money. Please sign that."

He handed me a slip of paper, and a pen. He had a tiny bottle of ink all ready. I wrote my name at the bottom of the few lines the paper contained. This was the substance of it:

"One day after I am twenty-one years of age, for value received, I promise to pay Richard Dawdon, or order, twenty thousand dollars. This note shall not be binding upon my heirs, executors or administrators. MAUDE VAZOILL."

I handed him the note. He put it carefully in his pocket.

"That represents less than two year's income to you," he said, quietly, "and you can easily raise the amount when it becomes due, and save enough to pay it in three years. You'll live to have your own here, Miss Maude. It is my interest that you should. If the love of money is the root of all evil, and I guess it is in my case, you can slumber in peace. The most reckless and heedless scoundrel you ever knew is your sworn protector. A modest villain like Mark Dawdon can't harm you. The devil is on your side!"

I shuddered again. But I felt that I was safe.

"Did any of your uncles ever tell you any stories?" he suddenly asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he went on, hurriedly:

"I'll tell you one. Just listen with care, and remember it all: THE STORY OF AN UNCLE WHO CANNOT SLEEP."

"My father had three children, Mark, Constance and myself. He died while I was a mere child, leaving mother and us in the most terrible poverty. Mother did not endure it long. The Dawdons were proud; they would not beg; there were only a few kinds of work they were willing to do; and my mother had been a Dawdon herself, a cousin of father's, before her marriage, and had all the concentrated pride of whole generations of ancestors. I suppose she starved to death. I know we children narrowly escaped it."

"A year after her death an uncle of mine died. He left Mark and myself a pittance each, the interest enough to give us bread and decent clothing, but scarcely more. To Constance he left this grand estate, this princely fortune, Dawdon Place."

"Constance was only a child, but her guardian consulted her wishes whenever they were at all reasonable. It was certainly reasonable for her to desire that her two brothers should live here with her. So we all came together to this place."

"It was a great change for children who had known what it was to have but one scanty meal of coarse food during an entire day, and it is not strange that it reacted upon us, producing unpleasant results. Mark squandered lavishly all that his sister's bounty gave him, and began to scheme, even then, to live here in luxury always, or, rather, to have this for a haven to which his roving steps might always come. I, with more prudence, but possibly with less wisdom, saved. I saved until it became a passion, a mania, a madness. I was a miser—and more. I dare not think of it; I cannot bear to speak of it; I am worse to-day than I was yesterday; I shall be worse to-morrow. And I never forget it for a moment, for I never sleep."

"Time went on. I had more and more money, yes, and I loved it more and more. Mark spent more and more money, and his expensive tastes demanded more and more. But Constance was always kind and patient; she always put her name to the requests she made to her guardian for the money we demanded, with a sweet and loving smile."

"When I was between fifteen and sixteen Constance married. It was very sudden, to me at least, and caused me some consternation. I did not like the idea of a master at Dawdon Place. It was not likely he would be as easy as the young mistress had been."

"Constance had visited in the college town in which Bertrand Vazoill, your father, was getting his education. It had been a case of sudden and deep affection on both sides. Marriage followed without delay."

"I soon saw that Mark was divided between two purposes, the surest way, as you may know, to fail altogether. He was in love with a Miss Annette Varley, or with her money, and he meant to marry her if he could, by fair means—or foul. Failing that, he meant to have the greatest authority at Dawdon Place despite the recent marriage and the new master."

"Mr. and Mrs. Vazoill filled this great house with company, and entertained them right royally. There were all sorts and conditions of men—and women; good people, bad people, people who were neither good nor bad, but merely negative characters who were swayed by circumstance. Of the latter Miss Annette Varley would serve as an excellent specimen; she was handsome; she was well connected; she was rich; but she didn't know her own mind—or much else. She was what I call a nobby-pamby sort of creature—a human jellyfish, intellectually and morally."

"Constance invited Miss Varley, but I heard enough about it before she arrived to know that Mr. Vazoill had joined in the invitation most heartily. Constance invited her, thinking of her brother Mark; Mr. Vazoill joined in the invitation because his brother loved her too. It was amusing to me—a mere boy, remember, and not counted by those older than myself in their plans for amusement and their schemes for gain—it was very amusing to me to watch the progress of events, much as I would have watched the sequence of incidents on the stage, only in the latter case the playbill would have told me what the play was to be, while in this case I could not be certain whether it would prove to be Comedy or Tragedy."

"Miss Varley came. Mr. Vazoill—young Mr. Vazoill, as we called him to distinguish him from his married brother, Alexander, I think, was his name—came also."

"I learned, no matter how—I presume the way was not a creditable one to me, although I don't remember just how I did find out—I learned that Miss Varley had recently refused young Mr. Vazoill; I made up my mind that she didn't fully mean it; my eyes were very wide awake and serviceable even then."

"Naturally enough, I wanted Mark to win. I should have two persons to look to then for the money I craved, instead of only one, and my sister would not need to give Mark any money after his marriage. All that she could spare would come to me."

"I fell into the error of supposing that Mark knew that Miss Varley had refused Vazoill. I forgot the time and trouble that precious bit of information had cost me. I gave him credit for a penetration equal to my own. And, besides all that, I remembered that he was a man, with a man's pride in his powers, while I was only a boy. A word from me might have turned the whole course of events in the lives of all of us; I didn't say that word."

"I am a bad man. I always have been. I always shall be. I don't want you to lose sight of that fact for a single moment. If you do, you will not understand my story as I wish you to. But I've fought against the evil tendencies in my nature all my life long, fought hard and earnestly—but vainly. The bad has always won; I fight now against my evil impulses, as I always expect to do, conscious in the depths of my soul that I shall always fail—as I always have. How I have suffered! For, as I have stopped short of the terrible possibilities of evil, little as I have done compared with what I might have done, I have known the most utter and horrible and indescribable tortures of remorse. But I worship money still. It is my only god."

"Mark is different. He is a deliberate and conscienceless villain. He loses no sleep over his crimes. There is no limit to his baseness. He fears nothing—save detection; he regrets nothing—save failure."

"Mark, then, knowing nothing of Miss Varley's refusal of young Vazoill, but feeling that she was keeping him at a distance, concluded that Vazoill had won her. With as much calmness as you would choose your dinner he determined on Vazoill's death."

"He put an insult on the young man which no gentleman could have failed to resent. He meant it should be resented. He intended to go before a jury with the plea of sudden passion as his excuse for sudden murder. He rehearsed his part in his chamber. I saw him do it."

"He made one mistake. He chose cold steel instead of cold lead. He played his game out on that line, and lost. I shall never forget the scene. I can see it now. He had managed to have enough present to bear witness to what happened. He was so unfortunate as to have too many present. He underrated young Vazoill's quickness of temper, too."

"Young Vazoill came across the lawn, riding-whip in hand. He was in as bad a temper as his good nature ever made possible; Miss Varley had been walking all the morning with Mark."

"Vazoill joined the group of which Mark was a member. There were angry words. There was a cruel blow from Vazoill's riding-whip. There was an attempt at murder. Mark had simply not expected the crisis quite so soon. He was not quite quick enough. They disarmed him."

"The next thing I have to tell you—"

"See here, Miss Maude, I want better attention. It may be that you've heard what I've just told you; you certainly haven't heard what is coming, for the simple reason that no one else knows it all."

"Mark had poisoned your father's mind against his younger brother. But I know that Bertrand Vazoill was incapable of murder."

"Young Mr. Vazoill went to his room, and afterward went walking. Bertrand Vazoill went hunting. Mark Dawdon went fishing, so he said. I went to watching—so did another person, Miss Annette Varley. Miss Varley was older than I by some years, and a woman; so, when I found she was keeping Mark in sight, I withdrew in that quarter and kept my wide-awake eyes on Bertrand Vazoill."

"I followed him for a long time. It was almost night. His shooting had been bad, and he had killed but little game. He turned his steps towards home. As he was about leaving the wood—in fact, when he was well out of it—his brother came in sight, coming towards the Black Pool. Bertrand turned back into the wood again."

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN
ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE historic election scene in the National Assembly at Versailles, on December 3d, when the Deputies and Senators were summoned to meet in Congress to choose a successor to M. Grévy, is depicted in the large engraving which we reproduce from the *Monde Illustré*. When the full Congress had assembled, after the various preliminaries, it was discovered that the party of the Right had determined not to assist either of the Republican candidates, but to vote *en masse* for General Sausier. Upon this, M. Clémenceau determined to throw over his own especial candidate, M. de Freycinet, and exert his influence to elect the candidate who appeared to divide the Republican party the least. This proved to be M. Sadi Carnot, whom the first ballot placed at the head of the poll, with 303 votes; M. Jules Ferry scoring 212, Gen. Sausier 148, and M. de Freycinet only 76; the other candidates voted for being Gen. Appert 72, M. Brisson 26, M. Floquet 5, M. de la Forge 2, M. Felix Pyat 2, M. Pasteur 2, and M. Spuller 1. As the Congress numbered 849 members, it was essential for the successful candidate to obtain at least 425 votes. As none had secured this figure, a second ballot was necessary. M. Clémenceau, therefore,

redoubled his efforts, and eventually MM. de Freycinet and Ferry, seeing that their chance was gone, went up to M. Carnot and told him that their supporters would vote for him. Accordingly, in the next voting, M. Carnot secured 616 votes, and was proclaimed by M. Le Royer, the presiding Senator, President of the Republic for the next seven years. President Carnot—who will drop the first part of his name, Sadi, in his official signature—is only fifty years old. He is thus far the youngest of the four Presidents whom the present French Republic has had thus far, and is within a few months of being the same age as President Cleveland of the United States. M. Carnot is a man of very reserved habits and of quiet social tastes. He has a comfortable fortune, but he has always lived in a very modest way. He is not fond of society, and it is not believed that he will do any more in the way of general entertaining at the Elysée than did Grévy. The Carnot family at present resides in a modest flat on the third floor of the banking house of the Lyons Crédit Foncier, at No. 25 Rue des Bassins, Paris.

LORD HARTINGTON AND MR. GOSCHEN IN DUBLIN.

An episode of the recent visit of Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen to Ireland is illustrated in the picture of the banquet in the new Leinster Hall, Dublin, on the evening of November 30th. This was the second demonstration in the same place in honor of the English guests who had attended a meeting of Unionists on the evening of their arrival, November 28th. At the banquet, which was given by Lord Hartington and the Committee of the Irish Branch of the Liberal Union, the company numbered 550 gentlemen, and there were as many ladies in the gallery. The gay costumes of the latter, combined with the numerous flags and banners and a profusion of shrubs, produced a very picturesque effect.

COLUMBUS MEMORIALS AT BARCELONA.

The recently revived interest in the discoveries of Leif Erikson, the Icelandic explorer, do not seem to have in any perceptible degree shaken the general faith in Columbus. The progress of the work upon the column and statue in honor of the illustrious Genoese, now in process of erection at Barcelona, is shown in one of our pictures. The Barcelona Exhibition opens next Spring. The buildings stand in a large park in the centre of the city, close to the quay and railway termini. The Exhibition inclosure will stretch over 74 acres, the main building alone containing some 500,000 square feet of room, while there are machinery and art galleries, and an agricultural annex.

HAMMERFEST.

Hammerfest, Norway, is in the Land of the Midnight Sun, and is the most northerly town in Europe. The industry of the place makes itself known a considerable distance outside of its harbor, and before the anchor is down the visitor's olfactory organs have experienced all the conceivable odors fish is heir to—from fresh fish to decomposition and putrefaction. Hammerfest is the great cod-liver oil repository of the North. The streets are clean, and the inhabitants are well dressed and civil. The houses are of wood, with roofs of turf and long grass, and in some instances goats will be found feeding on the roof-tops. Visitors declare that it is the custom that visitors making a morning call will be offered a glass of cod-liver oil instead of schnapps, the host referring to the beverage as of this or that year's fishing. At Hammerfest No. 1 Meridian Point is marked by a tower of stone just above the town.

HOME FROM THE COTTON-FIELD.

THE transcript from Southern plantation life, given by Mr. Matt Morgan on page 333, is as graceful as it is essentially true. It reminds one of Jules Breton's or Millet's studies of the toil, the "homely joys and destiny obscure," of the French peasants. Even more picturesque, and perhaps happier in their way, are these Alabama negroes, with their shining ebony faces, broad smiles, and woolly heads. They have been gathering the fleecy store of the luxuriant cotton-field all day beneath the brilliant sun. Now, when the twilight sky is rosy behind the pines and magnolias that fringe the horizon, they wind their way cheerily homewards, in single file, by the narrow, poppy-bordered path that winds to their clustered cabins.

FROZEN OUT.

ONCE upon a time that sturdy and storm-buffed old wanderer, the Democratic Party, was depicted in this paper as he appeared upon his arrival, gaunt and hungry, at the White House table, after a tedious twenty years' outing. That was "before taking." This week he is shown "after taking," and presents quite another picture. Good living will tell, and no doubt he has made the best of his opportunity. He has grown portly and arrogant, and looks with little compassion upon the group of shabby gentility outside, wearing badges with the strange devices of "Mugwump," "Labor," "Prohibition" and "Republican." The old fellow sarcastically wishes them a Happy New Year, but doesn't invite them in to share the good cheer and delicacies of the season.

HOLIDAY CARNIVAL AT BRIDGEPORT.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY CARNIVAL, which is something of a novelty in the Eastern and Middle States, was celebrated with brilliant success at Bridgeport, Conn., last week, beginning on Tuesday. Everybody enjoyed it, and business received a profitable "boom." Governor Lounsbury and Colonel Edward Anderson, of Norwalk, Chaplain-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, attended the opening of the festivities. A banquet was tendered the Governor at the Sterling House, by the principal citizens of Bridgeport. The entire business portion of the city was illuminated; tall arches of evergreens, with lights in colored glass globes, spanned the main thoroughfares. In the procession, the Fourth Regiment Military Band preceded the Governor's carriage, which was drawn by six white horses. The sides of the streets were illuminated with rows of Chinese lanterns. Upon the tallest buildings red and green fire, burning at night, could be seen twenty-five miles out upon Long Island Sound. Thousands of visitors flocked into the town during the carnival, the success of which will undoubtedly tend to establish the custom permanently, both in Bridgeport and in other New England towns.

A GENUINE LONDON FOG.

"I HAVE often heard American visitors in London say," writes T. C. Crawford in the *World*, "that they wished they could experience a real

London fog. Most people who come here are very much disappointed if they do not at once meet with all the experiences common to London life. The month which has just passed—November—is the month of the worst fogs. What is known as a black fog generally follows a sharp hoar frost. Intense cold is the basis of the fogs. The air becomes in the first place excessively damp, and then there sweeps down upon the town a great cloud, mingling with the sooty smoke until it chokes the streets, enters houses, attacks the throat and eyes, and in some cases causes a suspension of traffic entirely in the streets.

"The fogs of this month have been very peculiar. They would begin black, and then they would change to light. The sun every now and then would seek to break through the cold mass of fog, soot and grime, but it never succeeded. The wind alone is able to carry off the fog, but the yellow light of the sun shimmering through the fog produces at times strange effects. The town would seem to be standing in some sort of floating mixture, and then the sun would disappear and the fog would change almost as soon as it could be told into a black, cold dense mass of solid cloud and smoke. Twice during the month this black fog became so dense, so dark and so thick that you could not see a foot beyond you in looking out of the window. Of course, gas would be lighted all over the town. Out in the streets you could not see half way across, and great care had to be exercised in going about. In the direction of the underground railroad the fog was the thickest and at the worst. In addition to the darkness and inconvenience of not being able to see where you were going, having to exercise extraordinary precautions against being run over, there was also a constant choking feeling, occasioned by the difficulty in breathing the horrible atmosphere of soot and smoke. More than this, the intense cold and the excessive dampness were harder to endure than the cold in the most northern countries. The touch of the fog was like ice. Its dampness and its cold penetrated to the very marrow of one's bones. It was almost impossible to heat the rooms or house when the icy breath of the fog was coming in at every opening. Unless a house was kept tightly closed against the invading gloom it became filled and choked. The sensation of oppression from the presence of the fog in the town was something that could only be overcome by those who have strong health and great vital resources. Every time a black fog visits London it means death to a number of old and delicate people. It is particularly fatal to infants and to people with lung or throat troubles. People with a tendency to lung or throat troubles cannot live in London in the winter without having their maladies greatly aggravated. But there is this much to be said about even this fog infection: it does not endure very long at a time. It is rare for a fog of the intensely disagreeable character mentioned to last more than six or eight hours. The longest fog on record is the celebrated fog of eight or ten years ago. This fog continued for thirty-six hours. It was so black and so dark that people could not see more than two feet beyond them. Traffic during that thirty-six hours was entirely suspended. The great business of London was brought to a standstill and kept in check by this black and most merciless fog. Few people ventured out of doors, and the police on their beats with difficulty were able to find their accustomed points to guard and visit. During the thirty-six hours that this celebrated fog continued there was not a breath of air stirring. The moment that the wind begins to blow, the fog shifts and the worst is soon over."

CHICAGO'S CONVENTION BUILDING.

A CHICAGO letter to the New York *Tribune* says: "The contractors having charge of the construction of the Auditorium Building, in which the National Republican Convention is to be held, are bending all their energies to getting ready that part of the immense building which is to be set aside for convention purposes. There is no doubt that this part will be ready for the convention, but the rest of the building will be in a very unsettled and unattractive condition. The present plan is to seat the delegates and officers of the convention on the stage and devote the rest of the auditorium to the spectators. The stage is 120 by 70 feet. It will seat 1,200 people comfortably, but the architects figure that the stage and dressing-rooms will have a capacity of 1,600. There will be 2,000 more in the main balcony, 1,000 in the gallery and 600 in the upper foyer. It is not designed to have any chairs in the main foyer, but as its dimensions are 60 by 120 feet, it will afford plenty of vantage-room. The stage will have a number of dressing-rooms connecting with it which will be set apart for caucus and committee meetings. The largest of these rooms will have a seating capacity of 300."

MOHAMMED'S BIRTHDAY.

THE anniversary of the Prophet Mohammed's birthday was recently celebrated at Constantinople in a striking manner, affording evidence as to the bent of the Sultan's mind and his desire to assimilate Ottoman social usages to those of other countries more advanced in civilization. After attending the usual service at the mosque, all the high officials present and visitors were requested to proceed to the palace, where large saloons had been decked out with flowers, rare fruit, confectionery and delicacies in a profuse and sumptuous style, and the guests, over 400 in number, were invited to regale themselves. The aspect of the rooms was most charming, and Christmas-trees only were wanting to give a complete picture of the Christian festival. The chamberlains then called upon the company to appear in the presence of His Majesty, and the folding-doors being thrown open, the Sultan was seen. His Majesty greeted his guests in the most affable way, and made a political speech, wherein, after recalling the glories of Mohammed and announcing his intention that the yearly Moslem festival should be henceforth kept with the same solemnity and rejoicing, he pointedly alluded to the cause of satisfaction for the empire and the world at large furnished by the reign of general peace, which his Government was making every effort to preserve for the welfare and prosperity of all nations. This is the first time since the foundation of the dynasty that a Sultan has made a speech in public.

THE COMING FRENCH EXPOSITION.

THE British publication, *Engineering*, prints an important leader on the subject of the French Exposition of 1889, the prospects of the management of which have recently been made the object of attacks here and in America. *Engineering* has made full inquiries in Paris official circles, and

declares its faith that it will be the most important and satisfactory World's Fair yet held in Europe. The French Government contributes one-fourth of its guarantee fund of 68,000,000f., and through the directorship of its Minister of Commerce has official charge of the whole enterprise. The City of Paris gives 8,000,000f., and the remaining 43,000,000f. is guaranteed by a syndicate representing the trade of the capital of France. The character of these guarantors may be gathered from the following facts: Five great railways guarantee 500,000f. each, the Bank of France 500,000f., five other banks 300,000f. each, the Magasins du Louvre 600,000f., Bon Marché 500,000f., Provincial Chambers of Commerce 50,000f. each, 84 others 25,000f. each. So the list goes, showing an unprecedented grouping of the solid men of France. It is true that most of the monarchies of Europe have declined to give their official sanction on the ground that it will be the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, but while this will not affect the private exhibitors of those countries, it will undoubtedly have the effect to nerve the French to their utmost efforts to achieve the biggest success in their history, and they moreover feel that the very reasons given by the dynasties of Europe for holding aloof from the thing ought to commend it to Americans. The progress of the preparations on the Champ de Mars is already gratifying, and the tone of the French papers shows that by far the truest note struck by President Carnot in his message was in the frequently repeated allusion to the necessity for union and peace in order to meet the National desire to make the Exposition of 1889 a grand success.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

AN immense hunting expedition is about to start for Masailand, the ground of Ryder Haggard's last novel, "Allan Quatermain."

TEXAS continues to collect a tax from drummers, notwithstanding the decision of a Federal court that such a tax is unconstitutional.

THE Anarchists have \$30,000 for their monument to the Haymarket murderers, while the fund for a monument to the brave policemen who were killed amounts to only \$4,000.

APPARENTLY, the great free Press of this country is not appreciated in some parts of the South. The *Grub Stake* (Tex.) *Prospector* says: "If the gentlemen who tarred and feathered us last Saturday night will kindly return our clothes they will confer a lasting favor."

THE total product of the Michigan salt industry during the year just closed was 4,269,012 barrels, of which 13,933 barrels were solar. The actual increase over any preceding year was 162,079 barrels. Since the manufacture first began in the State there have been produced 41,322,895 barrels.

THE coldest known spot on the earth is Werchojansk, in Siberia. The mean temperature for the year 1885 was 2.9° F. below zero. For January and December it was 62.9° below, and for July it rose to 60.6° above zero. The lowest temperature in July was 39.2° above, while in January a fall to 58.6° below zero was experienced. Werchojansk is in latitude 67° 34', longitude 133° 51'.

By a decision of the Treasury Department, Canadians and their teams will be prevented from crossing the St. Lawrence to work in the lumber camps of Northern New York, as has been the custom for years. Simultaneously, the Provincial Legislature of Newfoundland has passed an Act forbidding the sale of bait to foreign fishermen, which goes into effect on January 1st.

OVER 1,000,000 cans are used annually by the canners of this country. A box of tin plates which weighs from 108 to 112 pounds will make between seven and eight cases of cans. A case contains a dozen three-pound cans, the general size, or two dozen one-pound cans. Taking the average, a box of tin will make about one hundred cans. Thus, about 10,000,000 boxes of tin plates are necessary every year to make the cans to hold the goods packed in this country. The weight of the metal alone is something like 110,000,000 pounds, and the cost about \$45,000,000.

HUNDREDS of pilgrims are journeying from all parts of Europe to Rome to attend the great Jubilee. The Pope has ordered that 50,000 tickets of admission to St. Peter's be issued for the Jubilee Mass, which will be an imposing spectacle. The number of presents which have already arrived for His Holiness is found to be much more than enough to fill the space which it was originally intended should be used for their exhibition. The accommodations are therefore being hurriedly extended. It is estimated that the value of the gifts will be over \$15,000,000. They will include 60,000 chasubles, 12,000 cups, 8,000 crucifixes, and an immense number of garments, mitres, slippers, etc., so that the exhibition will have the appearance of a huge bazaar. One noticeable fact with regard to the Jubilee is that Russia is almost the only country that holds aloof from the affair.

THE man who first used the torpedo in naval warfare died a few days ago in Georgetown, D. C. His name was Francis Edgar Shepperd, and he came of an old North Carolina family, was a graduate of the Naval Academy and an officer in the "old navy," having resigned because his State seceded, and entered the Confederate navy in 1861. It was in December, 1862, just twenty-five years ago, that Shepperd, then a captain in the Confederate navy, blew up the United States gunboat *Cairo* with an old-fashioned fixed torpedo, fastened to the bottom of the Mississippi. Lieutenant-commander (now Rear-admiral) Thomas O. Selfridge was in command of the *Cairo*. He and his men were badly shaken up, but no one was killed or even seriously wounded. Captain Shepperd, who was lying on the bank watching the explosion, made up his mind then and there that that was a cowardly way of fighting, and that he would have no more of it. So he never set another torpedo.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 19TH.—In Cork, Ireland, the Right Rev. Dr. Carbery, Bishop of Hamilton, Ont.; in Bethlehem, Pa., Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz, President of the Executive Board of the Moravian Church, aged 62 years. DECEMBER 21ST.—In New York, Major James Haggerty, the well-known politician, aged 53 years; in Faulkland, Del., Dr. Swithin Chandler, ex-Speaker of the House in the State Legislature, aged 57 years. DECEMBER 22D.—In Washington, D. C., Congressman Seth C. Moffatt, of Michigan, aged 46 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Ferdinand Vandever Hayden, the distinguished geologist and scientist, aged 58 years; in Galveston, Tex., H. Clay Stone, a California pioneer, aged 58 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALAN ARTHUR, son of the late ex-President, is traveling in Egypt.

THE Prussian Crown Prince is now reported to be improving in health.

MR. GLADSTONE has gone to Italy, where he will remain until the meeting of Parliament, early in February.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON, who has been ill for nearly a year, is slowly improving and will shortly go South for the winter.

PROFESSOR FESCHNER, of the University of Leipzig, began life as a humorist. Now he stands in the front rank of German scientists.

THE nomination of Mr. Lamar for Justice of the Supreme Court has been laid over in the Senate until after the holiday recess.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has gone to Russia. The object of his journey is to make personal inquiries regarding the situation in Europe.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, with some of the *attachés* of the British Fishery Commission, are the guests of Lord Lansdowne, at Ottawa, Canada.

A FRENCHMAN named Boulet, proprietor of a foundry in Paris, is building a giant locomotive, which, he says, will make ninety-three miles an hour.

A BOY named Charles Bowman, fifteen years old, now in hospital at Louisville, Ky., has made the tour of the world, working his way as a sailor or stowaway and by riding under passenger-cars on railroads.

MR. PERRY C. SMITH, of New Jersey, has been appointed Chief of the Appointment Division of the Treasury, in place of Eugene Higgins. Mr. Smith has a fine record as Disbursing Clerk of the Post-office Department.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY, Senator Windom and Jesse R. Grant are at the head of a great syndicate which has purchased the Moore-Benjamin Iron Mines in the Gogebic Range, in Wisconsin. The price paid for the mines and surrounding lands was more than \$2,000,000.

H. RIDER HAGGARD, who is now in London, contemplates spending the winter and spring in the mountains of Greece. His brother is an *attaché* of the British Legation at Athens, and is said to have convinced Haggard that his next work ought to be laid in that country.

FATHER MATTHEW RYAN, of the town of Hospital, County Limerick, Ireland, one of the projectors of the plan of campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, without hard labor, for inciting the people to commit illegal acts. Father Ryan declines to divest himself of his clerical attire in prison, and the Catholic warders sustain him in his refusal.

MR. WHITTIER has published in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* a card of thanks to the friends in all parts of the country who have congratulated him on his eightieth birthday. He says: "I take this tender tribute to myself as a man rather than as a poet. I have reached a period in life when fame and notoriety are of small consequence compared with the love and good-will of my fellow-men."

THE Grand Jury at Lockport, N. Y., has presented five indictments against ladies who voted at the recent State and county elections. Mrs. Martha Lane, Mrs. Matilda Fox, Mrs. Nancy McCollum and Miss Carrie McCollum were arraigned separately, and each interposed a demurrer to the indictment. The ladies were all earnest Prohibition workers, and voted the straight Prohibition ticket.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, Sunset Cox and Secretary Whitney are classed among the fortunate ones who have been favored by the rise of Washington real estate. The President is worth \$20,000 more than he was when he bought Oak View. Mr. Cox sold for \$50,000 cash, just before he went to Turkey, property that he bought on time for \$80,000; and it is said that Mr. Whitney cleared \$90,000 at "Grasslands."

COLONEL GEORGE S. PERKINS, of Norwich, Conn., is New England's most remarkable centenarian. He was one hundred years old in August, and is still Treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad and performs all the duties pertaining to the office. His wife, who is ninety years of age, is also an active and well-preserved old lady. Colonel Perkins was on Robert Fulton's first steamboat on its trial trip on the Hudson in August, 1807.

THE death and burial of Señora Amata Rubio de Pascadeta, a notorious female bandit in Mexico, are announced. In her early womanhood her intended husband was killed by Federal troops, and on his grave she swore to kill five men every year of her life. She more than kept her vow. For many years she terrorized the country, and succeeded in enriching herself. She died a natural death in obscurity, and left her fortune to charities.

THE Prince of Wales has got into trouble by his recent meeting with the sluggish Sullivan. He has done nothing in several years which has called down such a storm of criticism as is now raging around his head. Almost every Nonconformist pulpit has had a sermon on the scandalous fact that the future King of England has been hobnobbing with a prize-fighter. The Radical papers have taken it up, and it is even said that the Queen has written him a letter on the subject.

ELDER WILLIS WARREN, a noted colored Baptist preacher of Georgia, is a remarkable man. He is very large, fat, jolly and bald. He cannot read or write, but he has gained complete authority over thousands of his people in Lee, Dougherty and Baker Counties. Each of his followers is assessed one dollar a year, which is religiously paid, and "Papa Willis's" income is very large. He owns a large plantation, which is worked by members of his congregation in turn without any expense to him.

THE name of Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is discussed at Washington in connection with the Republican Presidential nomination. The Philadelphia *Times* says: "It is claimed that his nomination would be the strongest that could be presented to appeal to the business interests of the country; and, also, that he is probably the only man whose nomination would recall to the front the Old Guard with Conkling at its head. Blaine is confessedly weak with the commercial, financial and business interests of the country, and Cleveland is undeniably stronger than his party with that important element. Cameron, it is believed by many, would give the party the greatest strength just where the party most needs strength, and just where Blaine is weakest."

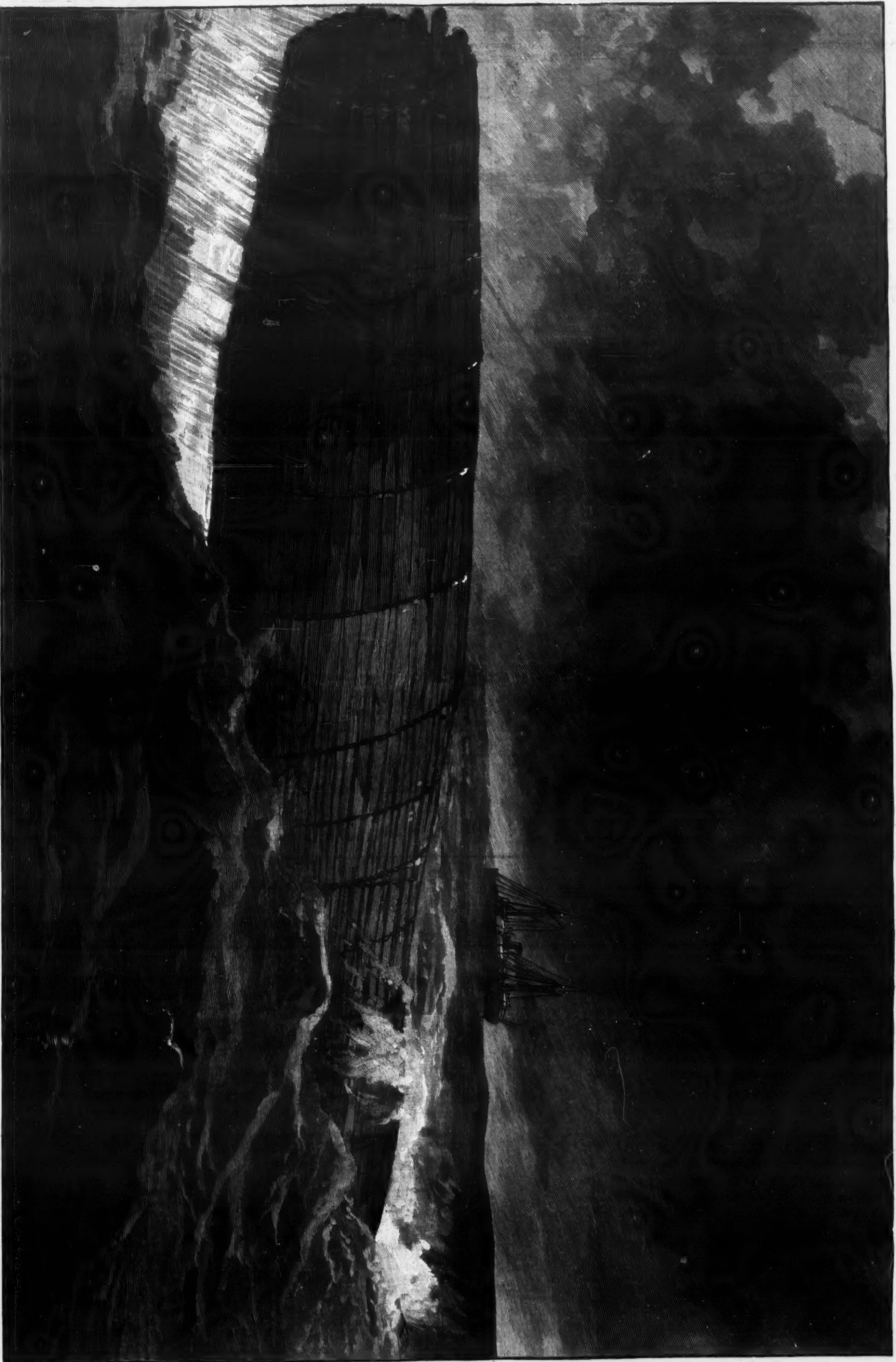
THE MONSTER RAFT OF 11,000 TONS OF LOGS, IN TOW OF THE STEAMER "MIRANDA," FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO NEW YORK, ABANDONED AT SEA, DECEMBER 18TH.—PARTING OF THE HAWSER.



THE SOLDIER'S LIFE IN MONTANA.—SCENE ON A PICKET POST AT FORT ASSINIBOINE DURING THE RECENT BLIZZARD FROM A SKETCH BY A POST OFFICER.—SEE PAGE 339.



RINGING IN THE NEW YEAR.—SCENE IN THE BELL-TOWER OF OLD TRINITY, NEW YORK CITY. FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 339.



THE MONSTER RAFT OF 11,000 TONS OF LOGS, IN TOW OF THE STEAMER "MITRANDA" FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO NEW YORK, ABANDONED AT SEA, DECEMBER 18TH—PARTING OF THE HAWSER.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE FIRST MATE OF THE "MITRANDA"—SEE PAGE 330.

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—DE LAISHE'S RING.

IT is nearly two weeks since De Laishe fell over the cliff at Bobunquedunk. It is consequently nearly a fortnight since a disappointed and grief-stricken man was so unfortunate as to let the waves turn his boat bottom up and break an ugly hole in her. Bobunquedunk's residents have found neither of these two gentlemen yet, and have given up looking for them. Men who did not quite like them when they were about them every day are already telling of the many fine qualities they had—of the very excellent men they were.

Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford is well, or so nearly well that he has discharged his nurse and is almost ready to dispense with his doctor. He is quite unlike his former self, in many important respects. He seems to act as one might imagine a prisoner set free from prison to act. He impresses one as being uncertain regarding what he ought to do with his freedom. Perhaps recovery from a dangerous illness always leaves a man in that condition. And perhaps it doesn't. Mr. Dangerford is finding so little demanding his attention—so little requiring his watchfulness, if you please, that he finds time hanging heavily on his hands. He is even talking seriously of driving Demonia again!

And yet, Mr. Dangerford has a new acquaintance—or at least a recent one—a gentleman who is giving much time and effort, to say nothing of not a little money, to the cultivation of his acquaintance. Mr. Leonard Stannard is quite outdoing himself in this matter. He knows how much depends on Dangerford's adhering to what he has said, and he means to make sure that he shall. If Stannard is playing a dangerous game, he is surely doing it well.

It seems strange to think of the fact that Mr. Stannard is still in Bobunquedunk, instead of having followed Minnie Gorton to her new place of temporary residence. Besides the desire he has of making Dangerford's interests identical with his own, and the strong need of it which he feels, he has a fine sensitiveness regarding the fitness of things regarding women and the relations of men to them; he has said to himself that he will give Mrs. Gorton time for thought—time to wish for him to come—time to begin to wonder why he does not come—and whether he ever will; he has said that he will lose nothing by waiting; that he can lose nothing. All of which would be true, undoubtedly, if the proofs he has found could begin to convince Minnie Gorton; true, if the separation between herself and husband could by any possibility be final; true, if he would have any chance whatever with such a woman as she is, suppose her husband were really false and wicked; true, if it were not true, instead, that she loved her husband with all her heart, and that she will hold fast to her faith in him, and stand by him, and fight for him—if need be, so long as they both shall live. As it is, Leonard Stannard is making a mistake; if he wishes to win aught, let him eschew waiting, and let him fight for it.

Mr. John Tradd has gone, no one at Bobunquedunk seems to know where. No one seems to care. And yet—no one in all the world is or can be independent of any other human being. And there are some in Bobunquedunk who have had experience, and who ought to have wisdom enough, to be sure of that.

Ethel Atherton is creeping about, day after day, from early morning until late at night, looking like a woman with whom the world has done its worst. She appears to sleep little. She looks like one who thinks little, too, and that little in a narrow circle of tiresome reiteration which is largely unsatisfactory and wholly maddening. One cannot suppose she weeps much; there is that in her face which forbids any such conclusion; and that look, deepening and intensifying, day by day, means, unless some merciful fate shall lessen it or blot it out, no less than madness or death.

Lieutenant Preston has had his leave of absence extended. It is the old question of the moth and the candle over again, and Lieutenant Preston is more to be pitied than blamed. He is not exactly fickle-minded; he is not by any means false-hearted; he will make a constant husband, by-and-by, just as he will make a devoted lover when he reaches the fort where his command is stationed, and meets the chief attraction of that lonely place again. Meantime, he is only one example of a somewhat numerous class of men who find pleasure in being where circumstances of various sorts have for ever made it none of their business to be. He is looking for Mrs. Gorton—trying to find where she has gone. He says to himself that it is only because, De Laishe being gone, she is desperately in need of help, no doubt. I believe he thinks exactly what he says. And I half think he is right.

Mrs. Thomas Gorton is in trouble. She has her letter from Leonard Stannard. It came some time ago. She has taken some time to think over it, some nights to sleep upon the questions it raises in her mind. And still she is more than puzzled—deeply puzzled. Still she sees no light.

It is not the first letter written to her by Mr. Stannard, after his interview with Dangerford, which she has received. It is a second one. You will remember that when he wrote the first one, that which I have been kind enough to let you all read, he did not know where Mrs. Gorton was, and had to take the chances of sending a letter to her to Dellville at a venture. The new letter, the one which has so tormented and tortured her, is too much like that to warrant my transcribing it

here. It is, if anything, more egotistical, more pointed and pitiless, more utterly heartless.

To-day, Mrs. Gorton has had an inspiration. She has not hurried to act upon it. She has waited—to determine, if possible, whether it is wise or foolish. She has waited—to decide, if she can, whence the inspiration came. Mortals, as they average, would be much more fortunate if they made it a regular habit to classify their inspirations.

She has decided that her inspiration is not altogether unwise. She has decided that it is not a suggestion from the nether world. She has not decided whether or not it is practical. She calls in Marie to ask her for her opinion regarding that, and to ask her to prove it so if she says: "Yes."

She begins diplomatically. She fails, from the first, to conceal her thoughts or her purposes by means of her diplomacy. And why not? Is not Marie a woman? Is not every woman superior to the influences of the diplomatist, be the diplomatist male or female?

"Do you think the colonel is a good man?" asks Mrs. Gorton.

Marie looks innocently at her, and asks, dazedly, "The colonel? What colonel?"

"The colonel at Bobunquedunk."

"Oh! Colonel de Laishe?"

"Yes."

"Good?"

"That was my question."

"I think he would be good to you, if that is what you mean. I think he would be everything grand and noble and unselfish and generous—with you. And, if you need his services, there is his ring, and—"

"I was thinking of his ring, Marie."

"Undoubtedly. You are in trouble. I don't just know how, nor how serious it may be. But I know he would come. I think he would help you. And I will carry the ring to him, and—"

"I was wondering, Marie, whether you would be willing to do that."

"I thought so. And it surprised and hurt me to see it in your face. As if I have ever hesitated to do anything for you which you have wished! As if I should be likely to pause in your service now! I will carry the ring to Colonel de Laishe for you; never doubt that."

"And when?"

"I will start at once. I will go by the first train. I will lose no time. I will bring him to you by the first train back; never doubt that."

In an hour the maid was ready. Mrs. Gorton gave her plenty of money. She put the colonel's ring in her hand. She stooped over, full of a sudden tenderness, and kissed the faithful and resolute face of the woman who had been her servant for so many years. Marie looked up, a smile of the sturdiest and most resolute friendliness on her face, and a dash of tears in her eyes.

"You—you think he will come, do you not?" queried Minnie Gorton.

"Come?" cried the maid; "come? I think he would come from his grave—for you!"

Marie learned the truth at the little railway station near Bobunquedunk. How much may happen in a few days! De Laishe gone! Gone for ever! And almost forgotten by those who had known him best! It is quite the way of the world! Alas! it is quite the way of the world!

Marie had a sensitive soul. I might go on and call her, first sentimental, and after that sensible, and with equal truth. Nine out of ten, in her position, would have turned straight around and returned to the ones who had sent them. But not so Marie. Surely Mrs. Gorton would like to know more particulars of the disaster which had befallen her friend. Surely it would be a mournful pleasure to listen to a description of the place from which he had fallen, told by a sympathetic friend who had stood where he did. And the time? It would not take long. She could hire a team. She could drive for herself, as well as any man could for her. She could go there and back, and do all she cared to do, see all she cared to see, listen to all she wished to hear, stand where the unfortunate colonel had stood when he found his end of the world, and not use more than a day more than would be taken if she returned at once. Time? Why shorten it? Let Mrs. Gorton hope for the friendship and aid of Carlos de Laishe one day longer than was absolutely necessary—before she gave it up for ever.

Marie was a woman who had the excellent habit of thinking and acting at one and the same time. She had hired a handsome span of horses, with a comfortable carriage before which to drive them, by the time she had fairly determined upon going to Bobunquedunk. The details of her journey thither? She could decide them as she rode.

Who among those at Bobunquedunk should she see? Not De Laishe, alas! since he had gone beyond the limits within which his ring had power; not De Laishe. Not Paul Waldon; she did not know Paul Waldon, more than that she had seen him in Dr. Gorton's house at Dellville in the days before his coming had seemed to cast a blight upon that home, and he had sometimes raised his hat courteously to her when he had passed her on the sands at Bobunquedunk; she did not know Paul Waldon; she did not care for Paul Waldon; he was not one whose society she would have sought out in this hurried flight to the ocean scene of so much romance and misery; but, since she might not see him, she found her heart warming towards him a little; we are apt, in our reflective moods, to think most kindly of those who cannot come; but not Paul Waldon; alas! not Paul Waldon. Not Ethel Atherton; why should she see her? Was there anything they had in common? Any hope? Any fear? Any danger? She knew of none. She would not see Ethel Atherton.

Not Leonard Stannard; no, most emphatically; others might have felt much pleasure in meeting their townspeople, but she smiled grimly to herself as she said, with a sarcastic humor: "Of all

the Dellvilleans, he is the villain I least wish to meet." She knew him well. Possibly her intimate knowledge of him was as excellent a reason for her unwillingness to meet him, as her lack of knowledge of Paul Waldon was for her indifference towards him. She had heard the general outline of Stannard's story of the accident. The tale had been modified, no doubt. But no matter. She wished to go up the cliff; she wished to look about her—as De Laishe had done; she desired to stand where De Laishe had stood; but she had no idea of asking Leonard Stannard to be her guide. It may be that she instinctively shrank from following De Laishe too far!

Tradd? Dangerford? The landlord? Preston? She did not care to meet any of them. No doubt she could hear much from any one of them—at second-hand. She was not going to drive to Bobunquedunk for second-hand information. She was not going as an observer. She was going to the original sources of information. Under more favorable circumstances, Marie would have been an experimental philosopher; science lost something, and humanity gained much, when she became the maid of a lady who needed her services and appreciated her devotion. It might have changed the character of her thoughts, so far as some of these persons were concerned, had she known more about them in the then present than she did. Tradd, gone; Dangerford, well; Preston, searching for the lady she served—these were different from the Tradd and the Dangerford and the Preston her memory and imagination pictured. But she did not care to see any one of them. And she wouldn't have cared, had she known even more than I have just mentioned.

In fact, when she came to think the matter over, fully and completely, there wasn't any one in Bobunquedunk she did care to see. That, doubtless, spoke poorly for—for well, for herself or the residents of Bobunquedunk. No matter. It was a fact.

Marie's personality came bravely to the front. Since she cared to see no one, she would see no one. Not that she would go to any pains to conceal her presence in Bobunquedunk, or the fact of her drive from the railroad station; not that she would be secret in any action; not that she would neglect to bow or forget to smile if any who had known her there had not let a few days crowd her out of memory. There was nothing secret about this service in Mrs. Gorton's behalf; there was nothing to be ashamed of; it was no one's business. She neither put herself forward nor sought to hide.

She drove through no back streets. Had she done so, some inquisitive individual would very likely have considered it his duty to investigate the two great questions: Who? and Why?

She drove by the hotel, neither slowly nor hurriedly. And Dangerford, smoking on the piazza, did not raise his eyes. She turned the corner of the spacious grounds. And Ethel Atherton, walking slowly along the lawn, never looked at her. She paused in front of one of the stores. And the landlord, buying supplies for his hotel and his guests, counted his change as unconcernedly as though there was nothing more important than hotels and groceries in the whole world. She reined up in front of the park; she got down from her carriage; she called a boy to come and hold her horses for her, promising him a sum which seemed fabulous to him—a sum for which he would have been glad to wait all night long. And if the boy actually saw her—saw her and knew her—he probably didn't know that she had left Bobunquedunk at all.

She walked slowly away, in the gathering darkness of evening, along Bobunquedunk's sands. Further and further, until the groups grew smaller and smaller, as night settled deeper around her. On and on; on beyond the groups of those who sought only the common pleasures of a prosaic world, and found them best in crowds. On, beyond the groups which consisted of two only—the groups made up of lovers who knew no world but one another's looks, but who would look back, as long as they should live, believing they remembered Bobunquedunk, and thinking it the pleasantest place in the world. On, past the single forms, whose loneliness told of sorrow or of sin. On, until she was alone on the far-stretching sands, alone with the night and the sea.

She walked slowly now. She let the hour and the place have their weird way with her. She forgot, for a little, her dependent position. She no longer remembered the pain and the sorrow she had made it her pleasure and her duty to lessen. She raised her head higher. She filled her lungs fuller of the salty air which blew to her from the ocean. She looked up at the stars, and away to the far horizon-line of the sea. For a little time her nature seemed as broad as the deep, as high as the stars, and as far-reaching as infinity.

She reached the foot of the cliff. She went slowly up. It was toilsome, and sometimes her feet slipped. The darkness had increased. The stars were losing themselves in the gathering clouds. The breeze blew stronger, moister, saltier. She was lonely now. She found herself no broader and higher than she had always been; indeed, the night and the sea seemed to dwarf her.

She wondered why she had dared doubt the story she had heard that Stannard told. It would be very easy to stumble and fall here; she was glad that a possible fall would not send her into the sea.

Of course De Laishe fell over the cliff; it would not be possible for one to stand here in the night and take the guilt of murder on his soul. And yet—she was afraid. She had no fear of murder; she expected no injuries from falling; she could not have told what she feared. Perhaps that was the worst feature of it. So improbable a thing, for instance, as the thought of looking over the edge of the cliff and seeing the body of De Laishe floating there, and seeming to hold up his hand for the ring whose commands he could never obey,

occurred to her, and almost made her heart stand still. She paused. She hesitated. She half turned back.

Then she went on again.

She stood for a moment or two, at a turn in the road, and looked away to the little town of Bobunquedunk. She looked up; the clouds were darker and denser than she had ever seen them before; there was not a star to be seen in all the sky.

She thrust her hand into her pocket; she found the colonel's ring; she slipped it upon her finger, hardly more than half conscious of what she did. She turned the point in the road, and—

She met Paul Waldon and Carlos de Laishe, coming down the road together.

(To be continued.)

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST NOMINATION.

A CONTRIBUTION to the discussion concerning the circumstances surrounding the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, and the events which led up to it, is made by Rev. Fred C. Iglehart, of Newark, N. J., formerly a resident of Bloomington, Ill. In an appreciative paper on the late Judge David Davis, he says: "Mr. Davis's native ability, finished education, gentlemanly demeanor and unconquerable will, made him a superb manager of men. He instinctively assumed a mastery that was accorded to him. His first appearance in national politics was in the canvass for the nomination of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, in which contest his magnificent generalship was so illustrated that he immediately took a conspicuous and permanent place among the wise politicians of the country. He was the leader of the Lincoln forces in the Chicago Convention, and more than any other was responsible for Lincoln's nomination. David Davis, Leonard Swett, of Chicago, Jesse D. Fell, of Normal, and others, dominated the forces which placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination. But the chief credit is given to Judge Davis. Mr. Swett said recently: 'It is not generally known, but true, that Lincoln owed his nomination in 1860 to the friends he made among the circuit attorneys, and particularly to Judge Davis.' Jesse D. Fell wrote to a United States Senator: 'To Judge Davis more than any other man living or dead is the American people indebted for that extraordinary piece of good fortune, the nomination and consequent election of Abraham Lincoln.' In 1836, the year after Mr. Davis went West, he was introduced to Mr. Lincoln at Vandalia, Ill., and the acquaintance formed ripened into the closest intimacy and intensest affection. Judge Davis rode the circuit, and Mr. Lincoln was one of the few attorneys who went all the way around with him. They staid at the same tavern, often slept in the same bed, and became like brothers. And when the elements in the South and North were preparing for the conflict, and the times were calling for a giant, Judge Davis and the circle of able lawyers who stood nearest to Mr. Lincoln and knew him best, felt that he was the man for the times, and they determined that, if possible, he should be the nation's chief; and Mr. Lincoln, feeling within his breast the symptoms of a greatness that could not be suppressed, and hearing the voice of Destiny calling to him, permitted his friends to present his claims. They captured the State Convention in Decatur in May with a shout, securing a unanimous recommendation of Mr. Lincoln for nomination to the Presidency. They set themselves to the more difficult task of taking possession of the National Convention, to be held in a few weeks at Chicago. They went to Chicago a week before the convention and opened their headquarters at the Tremont House. Judge Davis, who was a delegate-at-large from the Decatur Convention, appointed on purpose to lead in Lincoln's interest, instinctively and by common consent became the commander-in-chief of all the forces. He organized the State delegation into committees and assigned them work for almost every hour of the day and night, and by his good generalship the National Convention was secured for Mr. Lincoln. And when the decisive ballot was cast, and he saw what he had accomplished for his bosom friend, he broke down and wept like a child. Hearing that Thurlow Weed, who had managed the Seward forces, was sore at his defeat, he with Mr. Swett called on him, though they were both strangers to him. Among other things, Mr. Weed said: 'You are a new hand in conventions and I am an old one; now it is all over, I want you to tell me how you did it.' They persuaded Mr. Weed to go with them to Springfield to confer with Mr. Lincoln about the campaign; which he did. Letters in the 'Life of Thurlow Weed' show that Davis and Swett in the West, and Weed in the East, had the management of the Lincoln campaign. Mr. Lincoln recognized the service of his bosom friend in his behalf by appointing him to one of the highest judicial offices in the gift of man. At Lincoln's death, Judge Davis took charge of his affairs and settled his estate, keeping all the papers in his safe in Bloomington carefully tied up with a piece of green braid. Having been so successful in making Lincoln President, he concluded he would like to be President himself, and he did reach an eminence during his Presidency of the Senate with only the frail life of Mr. Arthur between him and the Chief Magistracy. The man who had the disposition and ability to give Lincoln to the country in the hour of its peril was a wise statesman, a true patriot and a great benefactor, whose name should be cherished for generations and whose influence can never die."

AMERICAN BEEF IN ENGLAND.

In the last twenty years the population of the United Kingdom has increased some six millions, or about 20 per cent., and, owing to the improved condition of the people, the average consumption of meat per head has during the same years

increased nearly 10 per cent. The demand for meat in the United Kingdom is now, therefore, 32 per cent. greater than it was twenty years ago, while the home production has, during the same period, increased only 2½ per cent.

These facts are presented by Major Craigie, in an article in *The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* substantially as follows: There are six persons living in the United Kingdom now for every five who lived there twenty years ago. Every sixth person gets all the meat he eats from abroad, and each of the other five depends upon the same source for 10 per cent. of all he consumes. If all the meat, dressed and on the hoof, imported into the United Kingdom twenty years ago, had been divided among the population, it would have given each individual 8½ pounds in a year; if the same distribution were to be made now, each individual would have nearly 28½ pounds in a year.

It is interesting, also, to note that the greater part of the increase has been in "hog products"—that is, bacon, pork, hams, etc. In fact, our British cousins now import from the United States about as much pig-meat as they raise themselves, and it is sold in the markets of the United Kingdom, too, at less prices than those at which English, Irish and Scotch farmers can produce it with profit. Twenty years ago the imports of pig-meat averaged 42,300 tons a year; now they average 224,200 tons. The imports of beef have risen in the same time from 55,400 to 152,600 tons.

No part of Major Craigie's paper is more interesting than that in which he discusses the chances of America's being able to continue to supply Great Britain indefinitely with meat. After showing that the Continent can no longer be looked to as a source of this supply, and without giving an opinion as to the future possibilities of the frozen-meat trade from South America and Australia, he argues that the time is not far distant when the home demand will be sufficient to absorb the home production of meat in the United States. When that time comes the British farmer will be relieved from competition with the great ranches of the West, and will be able to get remunerative prices for his beef and mutton and pork; but how will the British workingman be affected? He will have to pay a much higher price for his meat than now, and, unless his wages advance, he will be compelled to live poorer. In other words, the condition of the English workingman, already inferior to that of the artisan in the United States, will be still worse, and the contrast of the two greater than ever.

But one conclusion can be drawn from these important and interesting facts, and that is, that the pre-eminence of the United States in agriculture will make us more and more pre-eminent in every other branch of industry.

THE GREAT RAFT ADRIFT AT SEA.

THE great Nova Scotia lumber raft, the original construction of which was begun at Port Joggins nearly two years ago, and an account of which, with pictures, appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of the date of July 31st, 1886, has been lost at sea. The vast and unique structure, having been at length successfully launched, left Port Joggins, near the Bay of Fundy, in tow of the steamship *Miranda*, on the 8th of December. By the time the Massachusetts coast was reached, things had become reversed, and the raft was towing the ship.

The trouble began on Thursday, December 15th. During that day and Friday the wind blew half a gale, and the sea became rough. The difficulty of managing the raft was great. On Saturday the wind increased, and the waves became so high that the ship was helpless, and in danger of being stove in by the unwieldy mass of logs. Captain Leseman and the crew were tired out. About six o'clock on Sunday morning the fifth gale of the trip was encountered. From a gale the wind increased to a hurricane, and the waves ran higher than ever. The raft was pitching and lurching, utterly uncontrollable. One of its sudden sags on the lines parted the 15-inch hawser, which broke outward. The sudden strain on the other hawser, a 10-inch one, tore the bits half out of the ship's deck, and then, as the rope parted inboard, tore away about fifteen feet of the bulwarks. No attempt could be made in such a sea to recover the raft, and the *Miranda* returned to New York. The loss of the raft occurred in latitude 40° 16' north, and longitude 70° 6' west—about 110 miles off Block Island. This is not far from the track of the transatlantic steamships.

The raft was consigned to James D. Leary, ship-builder, of No. 61 William Street, New York, and was designed by Hugh R. Robertson. The total cost of the raft, including timber, construction and towing charges, will amount to about \$50,000. In shape the raft is like a cigar, with flattened sides and blunt ends. It is 560 feet long, 65 feet wide, 38 feet high, and drew about 20 feet of water. The pieces of lumber number 27,000. The weight is 11,000 tons. The mass is likely to hold together for some time, and action has been taken promptly to diminish as far as possible the risks to vessels from the enormous structure. A vessel from the Brooklyn Navy Yard started out promptly to search for the raft and tow it into port, and a revenue cutter and steamer were subsequently dispatched to the scene of danger.

WINTER AT FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONTANA.

A COLD wave, with blizzard accompaniments, swept over the country on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, distributing severe weather unparalelled from the Northwestern Territories to Texas. Montana and Dakota got the worst of it; and at Fort Assiniboine the mercury reached its lowest point—28° below zero. During such spells the poor Indian wisely abandons the warpath, and comes back to the agency to be forgiven, warmed and fed. It is the United States soldier, on picket duty—as illustrated on pages 336 and 337—who suffers most from the rigors of the Northern Winter. No doubt, if he had his choice, he would rather fight than freeze. The position of these troops on guard in the Indian country recalls the story of the Irishman who,

being annoyed one night in January by the barking of a bulldog, stole out in his nightclothes to put a stop to it. He was discovered half an hour later, shivering in the icy gale, and holding up the dog by the nape of the neck. "Begorra," he said, "O! mane to freeze the breath out of the baste!"

"WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

THE pretty, reasonable fancy on page 341 tells its own story. Father Time has relentlessly given notice to the Old Year that he must "move on." Perhaps there might be somebody to mourn the departure of the poor old man, if all the world were not taken up with the young roysterer who has just arrived. He is called "Happy New Year." The four Seasons follow in his train, and it is no wonder that the young prince is popular; for, taking not to heart the lesson of his predecessor, who came just as blithely twelve months since, every one is a believer in his promise of a happy, golden reign. May they be not disappointed!

THE CHIMES.

WHEN the chimes in the church-tower "ring out the Old" and "ring in the New," the action is no more spontaneous on their part than when they toll for a funeral. The master of the chimes is an athletic musician, who, with levers for keys, controls the utterance of each bell, and dictates their combined policy, as it were, in the selection of grave or gay tunes. On New Year's Eve they are merry and patriotic, and send forth their harmonious voices as far upon the night-air as a window-light can throw its beams, the ringer meanwhile imparting all the expression and sentiment of which his biceps are capable.

THE ADMINISTRATION TARIFF BILL.

THE Administration Tariff Bill, which will go before the Ways and Means Committee with the indorsement of Speaker Carlisle after the holiday recess as the basis of revenue reform, contemplates a reduction of \$62,000,000 annual revenue. Of this amount, \$50,000,000 is to come from reduction of duties, chiefly on manufactures, and some \$12,000,000 from adding wool, salt, lumber, coal, etc., to the free list. The Bill, it is claimed, aims at a very extensive revision of present methods of administering the tariff law and at remedying inconsistencies and inequalities in the law as well as a general reduction of the rate of tariff taxes. It proposes the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* rates where the latter are difficult of enforcement. In the chemical, earthen and glassware schedules numerous reductions are proposed. In metals, material reductions on iron and steel are recommended. In the wool and woolen schedule, raw wool being made free, the rates on woolen fabrics are so reduced as to take away about \$10,000,000 upon the basis of last year's importations. Alleged inconsistencies as to rates on worsted and woolen cloths are corrected, and here occur some of the most important changes proposed in the Bill.

The Bill embraces the schedules prepared for Congress last Winter by Secretary Fairchild, substituting specific for *ad valorem* duties on silks, gloves and embroideries. It also includes the Hewitt plan for reform of the customs administrative service, with some changes and additions suggested by Treasury experience since Mr. Hewitt's Bill was first introduced. The measure, it is said, is the result of great labor and care, and is the outgrowth of years of study, but it is not probable that it will pass in its present shape.

FACTS ABOUT CONGRESSMEN.

THE Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* furnishes the following interesting facts about members of the House of Representatives: "The oldest member of the House is Judge William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania. He was born in 1814. Although he is seventy-three, he is not the oldest-looking man in the House, or the least active. He was forty-seven when he entered Congress, in 1861, and he has been a member constantly since then, a period of twenty-six years. Four years before he became a member of the House was born the youngest member, sworn in a week ago. The youngest member is Benjamin F. Shively, of the Thirteenth Indiana District. Born in 1857, he is only a trifle under thirty-one years of age."

"As usual, the House membership is made up practically of men of one profession. There are 216 lawyers who are Representatives from States, and of the 8 Delegates from Territories 5 are lawyers. Several of the States have delegations composed entirely of them. Mississippi has 7 lawyer members; South Carolina has 7; Texas has 10; Vermont 2; and West Virginia 4. The farmers come next in numerical strength. They count 12, and the farmers and planters together are only 17. The manufacturers are 16 in number, but there are 2 iron-makers who could properly be included in that classification. The merchants follow the manufacturers. There are 13 of them. Then come the bankers, 10 in number, and there is 1 broker. There are 9 editors and 1 journalist. In emergencies requiring prompt medical skill and advice, some of the 6 physicians ought to be available, although some of them have paid more attention in late years to politics than they have to medicine or surgery. There are 3 ministers, 4 men who appear to have been lifelong politicians without professions, and 2 officeholders. Two members who are wealthy and in several lines of business may be called 'promoters of enterprises.' Then there are 2 druggists or pharmacists, a stenographer, a railroad president, a surveyor, a stock-raiser, a drygoods man, an agriculturist, 1 brewer, 1 grocer, 1 cooper, 1 capitalist, and 9 members who appear to be without former profession or occupation."

"A large proportion of the members have been equipped for the professions and for public life by colleges. One hundred and seventy-eight members were educated in colleges or universities of greater or less degree of prominence. California, Colorado and Oregon have no college men in their delegations in the House. Maryland has 5 college men out of a total of 6, Mississippi 5 out of 7, New Jersey 1 out of 7, New York 8 out of 34, Ohio 4 out of 21, South Carolina 6 out of 7 (3 of them Harvard graduates), Texas 2 out of 11. Alabama has 5 college men, 2 who put themselves down as 'self-educated,' and 1 West Point graduate—General Wheeler, who is, by-the-way, the only man in the House who was educated at the Military Academy. The public and private schools,

academies and seminaries educated 146 Representatives and 3 Delegates."

"The proportion of soldiers who fought in the War for the Union on either side is dropping off; less rapidly in the Southern than in the Northern, Eastern and Western States, but still perceptibly. The South sends its representatives back, and it prefers men of more mature age than the North does, where 'new blood' is telling at the polls as well as in business. Alabama has a nearly solid delegation of former Confederates; so has Arkansas, the only man not a soldier being too young to have served. Georgia sends 4 men who admit that they fought in the Confederate army. Each of the 7 Mississippi men bore arms against the Union. There are also 5 Confederates in the North Carolina delegation of members, 5 out of 7 in South Carolina, 8 out of 11 in Texas, 8 out of 10 in Virginia. Thirteen States send men who fought against the Union, while there are representatives from 22 States who served on the Union side. Seven of Indiana's 13 Representatives were soldiers; 8 of Iowa's 11 followed the Stars and Stripes. Every one of the 7 Kansas men were in the United States army. Nine of New York's 34 only were soldiers, while 14 of Ohio's 21 were in the army. Kentucky furnishes 2 Confederates and 1 Union soldier, while Missouri has 1 Confederate and 2 soldiers who fought on the Union side. Tennessee furnishes 2 Union and 4 Confederate soldiers, and West Virginia sends one soldier from each side. The soldier row foots up 82 Representatives and 1 Delegate who fought in the Union army, and 58 who were in the Confederate army."

THE BICYCLE IN LONDON.

THE London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* writes as follows as to the general use of the bicycle and tricycle in that metropolis: "London contains 700,000 dwelling-houses, which are built over an area of 70 square miles. There are 580 omnibuses, which yearly convey about 54,000,000 persons. The tramways and cabs carry yearly quite as many, and the two underground railways about 140,000,000. But all these means of transit are too expensive to be used twice daily. From Bayswater to the Bank of England the cost of a single ride in a 'bus is 10 cents of American money. And, besides, neither 'bus nor car will take one just where he would go. A mechanic who is paid but 16 cents for each working hour, and whose children, to use Erskine's phrase, are pulling his skirts for bread, cannot afford either 'bus or car fare, and to tramp the long distance intervening between place of employment and place of domicile twice per diem is impossible. A cheap specific for this disease of distance is the bicycle or tricycle, more especially as it can be bought cheap and by weekly payments. Factories for the construction of these 'lifts' for poor peripatetics have increased, and prices are moderate. They are used by bakers, butchers and others for the distribution of the articles sold. Even tailors make use of them. A box is made to fit on the machine, which serves the double purpose of carriage and advertisement, for each side proclaims, with white or golden letters on a red ground, the place and business of the employer. When husband and wife have their business at some distant point they mount their two-seated tricycle, with two pedals, and two pairs of legs move up and down with graceful simultaneity. The streets being generally smoothly paved in blocks with an asphalt surface, the friction is inconsiderable, and the swiftness of motion of the bicycle is surprising, the speed attained being much greater than that of cabs or carriages. This mode of transportation, so economic, is more general here than in Paris simply because it is more necessary. Besides, Paris is, so far as business is concerned, a mere village in comparison with London."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ALUMINUM is coming into favor as dental plates. It is better than rubber and less in cost than gold; is bright, strong, odorless, and as healthy to the gums as gold or platinum.

ACCORDING to the *Industrial Journal*, "iron pipe" is now made from wood-pulp—that is, a tubing is made from wood-pulp that has many advantages over iron for gas and water pipes. It is said to be susceptible only to the destructive action of fluorine acid.

A PAPER that resists the action of both fire and water has, it is said, been recently invented in Germany by a Herr Ladewig. The manufacture is accomplished by mixing twenty-five parts of asbestos fibre with from twenty-five to thirty parts of aluminum sulphate, and the mixture is moistened with chloride of zinc and thoroughly washed in water. It is then treated with a solution of one part of resin soap in eight or ten parts of a solution of pure aluminum sulphate, after which it is manufactured into paper like ordinary pulp.

TO MAKE a cement to mend iron pots and pans: Take two parts of sulphur and one part, by weight, of fine black lead; put the sulphur in an old iron pan, holding it over the fire until it shall begin to melt, then add the lead; stir well until all will be mixed and melted; then pour out on an iron plate or smooth stone. When cool, break into small pieces. A sufficient quantity of this compound being placed upon the crack of the iron pot to be mended can be soldered by a hot iron in the same way a tinsmith solders his sheets. If there be a small hole in the pot, drive a copper rivet in it, and then solder over it with this cement.

A RAPID method of soldering telegraph wires has recently been introduced and is now to be generally adopted in Russia. Its principal advantage consists in the saving of time required for the work and in the avoidance of any "scraping," which would to some extent reduce the strength of the wire. The two ends of the wire, already embraced by binding wire, are dipped into a vessel holding a considerable quantity of melted solder, upon the top of which there is sufficient powdered sal ammoniac to leave a thick layer of liquid salt. The ends of the wire pressed into the vessel are quickly joined, however dirty they may be.

EUSTON STATION, in London, England, is lighted by a new light which is believed to possess many advantages. Ordinary coal gas, mixed in about the proportion of one to eight of common air, is supplied under the usual gas-service pressure to burners over which are placed caps of platinum wire gauze. The mixture, when lighted, burns without flame around the cap, which is raised to a brilliant white-heat by the combustion. The light is perfectly steady, there being no flame, and is not affected by wind or rain. More than twice as much light, it is said, is obtained, with a given consumption of gas, as by the old system. Twenty burners replace fifty of the old kind, and light a platform nine hundred feet in length.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It has been officially given out that the English Parliament will meet on February 9th.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter declining to interfere actively in the International arbitration movement.

THE steamship *Great Eastern* has been sold to a metal firm for \$80,500. The vessel will be broken up as old metal.

COMMISSIONER ATKINSON's report on the silver question sets forth the impossibility of a bi-metallic treaty with Great Britain and Germany.

THE sum of \$65,000 was realized by the Masonic Fair recently held in New York. The entire sum will be devoted to the erection of a Masonic asylum.

It looks as if Prince Ferdinand will be compelled to abandon the Bulgarian throne under pressure from the Powers, and a Regent appointed who will be acceptable to Russia.

GREAT suffering is reported among the farmers of Western Kansas owing to the lack of coal. As many as sixty deaths are said to have occurred from cold and starvation.

REPORTS to the *Farmers' Review* of Chicago on the condition of the Winter's wheat crop in the Central Western States indicate an average of about eighty-six per cent. for next year.

SOME of the big brewers of Chicago propose to "boycott" the Prohibition States of Kansas and Iowa. No barley grown in those States will be purchased or used by them in their business.

THE University of Pennsylvania proposes to send out an expedition to Babylonia for the purpose of making excavations which it is hoped will throw light upon questions of history and science.

THE bodies of the four Chicago anarchists who were hanged on November 11th, as well as that of Lingg, were finally interred on the 18th inst. in one grave in a suburban cemetery. A number of addresses were made, but there was no disorder.

A CRAZY faith doctor who lived at Selma, Ala., for a year has secured much influence over the negroes, and on a recent Sunday had what he termed a passover feast; he called for sacrifice. A colored woman offered herself, and the man killed her.

It is intimated that five new bishops will be appointed at the General Conference of the Methodist Church in May next. There are now vacancies in the Board of Bishops, and the work has grown so largely that additional appointments have become absolutely necessary.

DEFENSIVE operations are in progress in all parts of Austria-Hungary. The telegraph offices have been ordered not to transmit reports of the number of regiments ready to proceed to Galicia should Russia reinforce the troops now on the frontier. Meanwhile numerous Cossack regiments are being massed in Russian Poland.

AMONG the schemes to relieve Congress from the constantly increasing burden of private legislation, is one in the shape of a Bill drafted by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who proposes to create a new court to consist of a Chief Justice and two Associate Justices, who shall have jurisdiction to hear and decide contested land cases.

THE American Federation of Labor Convention, recently held in Baltimore, adopted resolutions in favor of independent political action, advising the passage of the Blair Educational Bill, and calling upon the Legislatures of the several States to pass compulsion laws and provide that the science of government be taught in all the public schools of the country.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has established a Savings Fund for the benefit of its employees. Money may be deposited with any freight or ticket agent designated by the Company, furnishing, in point of fact, a savings bank at every considerable station in the country. The money will draw four per cent. interest. It can be withdrawn by giving ten days' notice, other savings banks generally requiring two weeks' notice.

THE Massachusetts authorities continue to send back to Europe all pauper immigrants—200 having been so disposed of during the last year. The greater part of the paupers returned are taken from the charitable institutions of the State. In some cases, where the immigrant becomes a pauper within six months from the time of landing, he is sent back at the steamship company's expense, but in most cases this burden falls upon the State.

THE British Government will prosecute the editor or publisher of every newspaper publishing reports of meetings of League branches whose suppression has been proclaimed, and it is asserted that Mr. O'Brien will be rearrested the moment his term of imprisonment shall expire unless his paper, *United Ireland*, shall cease in the meantime its persistent repetitions of the offense for which its editor was indicted and imprisoned.

It is said that the Pope has absolutely refused to interfere further in the relations between the Irish clergy and people. Monsignor Rampolla, the Papal Secretary, informed the Duke of Norfolk, who went to Rome recently, that the Pope had already used his influence with the clergy, but could not ask the priests to cease to be patriots without running the risk of causing the rebellion of a section of the clergy and the loss of the hold of the Church upon the people.

MR. DAWES has introduced in the Senate a Bill providing that no white man who shall marry an Indian woman shall by the marriage acquire a right to any of the tribal property or privileges, and conferring citizenship on Indian women who shall marry white men. Mr. Wilson has introduced a Bill granting pensions for utter helplessness to persons who have lost an arm near the shoulder and a leg above the knee, or who have sustained a disability equivalent thereto.

UNDER the new Rules of the House of Representatives, a standing committee of thirteen is established, to be known as the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. The following select committees are also provided for: On Reform in the Civil Service, to consist of thirteen members; on Election of President and Vice-president and Representatives in Congress, to consist of thirteen members; on the Eleventh Census, to consist of thirteen members; on Indian Depredation Claims, to consist of thirteen members; on the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic, to consist of eleven members. Private Bills are hereafter to be presented to the House through the petition-box, instead of being formally introduced.



NEW YORK.—HON. DANIEL MANNING, FORMER SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. DANIEL MANNING.

AS these lines are written, Daniel Manning, ex-Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, lies at the point of death at his home in Albany. As early as Thursday last, his friends had given up hope of his recovery. Mr. Manning's wife and family, with Dr. Hun, gathered about him, to await the end. He was conscious almost to the last. A little more than a fortnight ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Manning was in New York, apparently in fair health. Dr. Hun attributed all of Mr. Manning's illnesses for the last three years to Bright's disease, and declared that that was the foundation of his reported apoplectic stroke in Washington. In the physician's opinion, the bad air in the Treasury Department Building in Washington aggravated the disease. Mr. Manning, however, when he came to Albany on December 13th, had no suspicion that his death was swiftly approaching. He simply felt tired out by his labors as President of the Western Bank in New York. On Friday

the physician saw that Mr. Manning was critically ill. Prayers in Mr. Manning's behalf were offered by direction of Bishop Doane in all the Protestant Episcopal churches of Albany on Sunday, December 18th. Mr. Manning had long been a member of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Lancaster Street, Albany.

MR. JAMES P. FOSTER,

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.

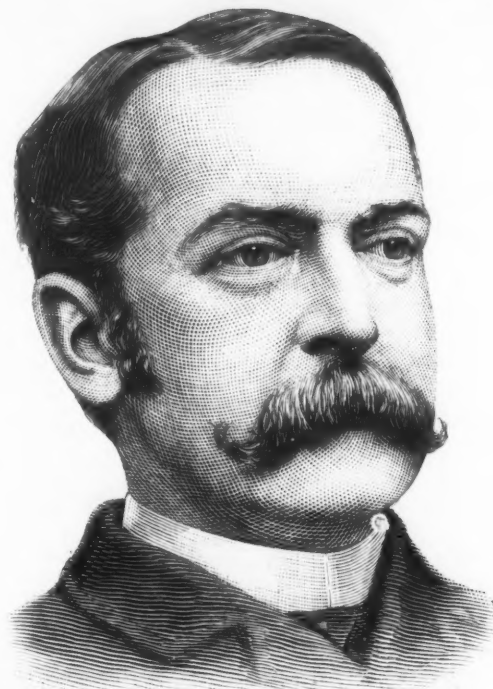
THE National League of Republican Clubs, organized by the convention recently held in New York city, promises to be a very important and influential factor in the politics of the country. Composed largely of young men, and representing the active and aggressive element of the party, it will give an impulse to the work of the coming national campaign which none of the existing agencies could have supplied, while its influence will at the same time be decisively felt, no doubt, in determining the party policy along the lines of progress—keeping it, in other words, abreast of the present and the ideas and issues now demanding attention. The Executive Committee of the League is composed of exceptionally able men, familiar with the work of organization, and it is already apparent that they "mean business." The headquarters of the League will be established in New York, with a branch at Washington.

Mr. James P. Foster, the President of the League, was prominent in the movement which led up to the recent convention—having, indeed, originated the idea—and his address of welcome to the delegates had made him a prominent candidate for the head of the new organization with the representatives of several other States besides his own. His unanimous election was the outcome of this feeling, joined to the very general conviction that the office of President of the League should come to the State where the next Presidential contest is, in all probability, to be decided.

Mr. Foster was born in this city, in 1848. Graduating from the University of New York and the Columbia Law School, he continued his professional studies at the Berlin University for four years, and was the first American student ever graduated from this honored institution. Entering upon the practice of his profession here, he has steadily made his way to success, being now the senior member of the firm of Foster & Wilson. He has been concerned in some notable cases, having become especially prominent as the counsel of Rev. John P. Newman in the contention between that clergyman and the Madison Avenue Congregational Church. While faithful to all the claims of his profession, Mr. Foster has not neglected his political duties as a citizen. In 1880, he became a member of the Republican Club, or, as it was then called, the Young Republican Club, of the city. He soon became one of its most active members, and was elected Vice-president in 1886; and this year he was chosen President as a recognition of his labors in behalf of the Club and his peculiar fitness for the position. There is no doubt that in the responsible position to which he has now been elected he will fully justify the expectations of his friends.

THE NAPHTHA EXPLOSION AT ROCHESTER.

THE extraordinary and disastrous explosion of naphtha, which we illustrate on this page, occurred at Rochester, N. Y., on Wednesday of last week. About fourteen thousand gallons of naphtha were pumped from the Vacuum Oil Works during the day through the pipe line in the bed of the old canal. It was intended for the Municipal Gas Company, but one or more breaks in the line allowed the naphtha to escape into the adjoining sewers.



NEW YORK CITY.—JAMES P. FOSTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF REPUBLICAN CLUBS.
PHOTO. BY WITKIN.

When the sewers became surcharged with the gas, it escaped into the mills, and exploded. The first explosion took place in front of the Clinton Flour-mill. The flames burst out with great fury, and soon spread to the adjoining Washington and Jefferson Mills. A number of employes were killed by the explosions, or burned in the ensuing conflagrations. The total loss by the burning of the three mills is estimated at about \$200,000.

A BUREAU OF FINE ARTS.

A BILL has been introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Call, providing for the establishment of a National Bureau of Fine Arts, to be under the direction of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute. The purposes of this Bureau, as stated in the Bill, are to aid in the development of the fine arts in the several States by the reproduction, for the use of art schools and academies, of casts of statuary and other objects used in giving instruction in art; by preparing and distributing plans for the construction of buildings and the adaptation of rooms suitable for use as art schools, with printed plans for the organization of various grades of art academies and classes; by causing to be held annually at Washington a public exhibition of works of art, open to all desiring to exhibit; and by the publication of an annual register containing an accurate account of new discoveries, inventions and methods of instruction useful to students of art.



NEW YORK.—TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OF NAPHTHA IN THE PLATT STREET SEWER, ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 21ST.



CONNECTICUT.—HOLIDAY CARNIVAL AT BRIDGEPORT—POPULAR OVATION TO GOV. LOUNSBURY ON MAIN STREET, DECEMBER 20TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 335.



THE EVOLUTIONS OF THE YEARS—"WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

SEE PAGE 339.

KINNEY TOBACCO COMPANY'S ELEGANT TRAVELING CAR.

KINNEY TOBACCO COMPANY (successor to Kinney Brothers), the well-known manufacturers of high-class cigarettes, are the progenitors of an enterprising departure in the advertising line. They have had built by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company a handsome car of the usual size, the interior furnished with sleeping apartments on the Pullman order, in which their traveling salesmen and assistants will traverse the entire United States.

The exterior is painted a bright blue background, beautifully lettered in gold, carmine and green, setting forth, as shown in the engraving on page 344, the absolute purity and high quality of their various celebrated brands of cigarettes. Their latest brands are "Egyptian Flowers," "Special Favors" and "Special Straight Cut." In one corner is an exceedingly rich decoration, bearing a correct reproduction in brilliant colors of the Company's handsome trademark. In a word, the general effect of this unique addition to the rolling-stock of the country is indeed superb and striking.

In the forward section of the car are quarters for a horse and wagon—the latter a coach body, specially made and of the finest workmanship—to be used in distributing goods when the car is side-tracked. The car will carry advertising matter and a large stock of cigarettes and tobacco as samples, to be supplied to dealers along the route. In addition, it will take a number of cases of cigarettes for shipment to China and Japan, in which countries the Kinney Tobacco Company does an extensive business.

A summons "spread" was furnished to visitors to the car preparatory to its departure, attached to the Philadelphia Express, on an extended trip, going first to Philadelphia, Chicago and Kansas City; then across the plains to Denver, Salt Lake City, and all through California and Oregon. A reception to the Press will be held in every city.

Mr. T. B. Willis, in charge of the car, estimated the cost at over \$4,000. He believes that his Company will be initiated in this venture, but is proud of the enterprise of his employers in thus inaugurating so extensive an advertising and distributing system.

COAL AND COKE.

ANOTHER SPLENDID CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S ANNUAL FOR 1888. THE LATEST AND BEST OF THE ROCK ISLAND SERIES.

Thousands who have perused with delighted interest the pages of "Watt Stephens, the Genius of Steam" (1885), "Voltagal, the Genius of Electricity" (1886), and "Petroleum and Natural Gas" (1887), will be pleased to know that the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway will issue another magnificent souvenir for the Christmas and New Year season of 1888, which surpasses, in many respects, anything of the kind heretofore published. "Coal and Coke" is the title of the work, and the subject has been exhaustively treated. It is written in a captivating colloquial style, embodying a vast amount of information in regard to coal strata, their relative position in the earth's crust; where deposits occur—their nature and extent; the different processes of underground mining; how coal is converted into coke, and some of its varied and multiple uses.

The book is profusely illustrated from original sketches. Although the expense has been very great, the Rock Island has concluded to supply "Coal and Coke" at the nominal rate of ten cents (for postage) per copy. Inclose your address plainly written (also ten cents in stamps) to E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent at Chicago, Ills., and a copy of "Coal and Coke" will be mailed to you, prepaid, to any part of the world.

"The Calendar issued by the S. R. Niles Advertising Agency is always the same style, and of exceptional value to business men, being so arranged as to show at a glance the number of days between any two dates in the year—a great assistance in computing interest, and a convenience in many other ways. For Banks, Insurance Companies, Newspaper offices, and business men generally, it is the best Calendar issued."

FUN.

LADY (to clerk)—"I want to look at something that would be a suitable Christmas gift for my husband." Clerk—"Yes, madam; something cheap, I suppose?"—Epoch.

A CERTAIN means of happiness is to keep Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP in every family. For headache, toothache, earache and backache, SALVATION OIL is a certain cure.

JAY GOULD said before he sailed, with an air of proprietorship: "I am perfectly satisfied with this country." Glad he is pleased with it, now that he has got it, and much obliged to him for kindly leaving it behind when he went abroad.—Boston Transcript.

A NEW MINISTERIAL EXPERIENCE.

ONE year ago last December the pastor of a church in Philadelphia was forced to surrender his pulpit, and, acting on his physician's advice, with his young wife sought the warmer climate of Florida. Both were consumptive, and when it became evident that the young minister must relinquish a future that promised so much, he was broken in spirit. Together these two afflicted persons traveled toward the milder latitudes. It seemed a journey to death. Nothing more pathetic has been seen since Charles and Mary Lamb set out, hand in hand and with tearful eyes, toward the madhouse to which they had self-condemned themselves. The parting from their friends and parishioners at the railroad station was affecting in the highest degree. Several long, weary months followed, in which the hoped-for improvement was awaited. It came not. Both man and wife gradually grew weaker. The little cottage they had taken at Jacksonville finally began to lack necessary comforts. A small negro servant had to be discharged because she could no longer be paid. Then the de-pairing young wife took to her bed and rapidly grew worse. One good lady assumed that death was inevitable, and hoped only to make the end as painless as possible. In her mission of kindness she encountered a hale old gentleman who, after he had given her a ten-dollar note, added: "I will do more—I will send that unfortunate woman my Compound Oxygen. I always take it with me to cure sudden colds or throat affections, but I know what it can do even in desperate cases." In a few minutes he was ready, and accompanied the noble-hearted lady to the house of suffering. Hot water was readily procurable, and in a brief time the consumptive was inhaling the Compound Oxygen, evolved from one of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Home Treatments. At the end of a week notable improvement in the woman's condition set in. The end of another week's treatment found her seated in a chair on the porch, and she was soon after able to walk about. Meanwhile full advice had been received from Dr. Starkey as to the Compound Oxygen: two Home Treatments had arrived, and the minister began to give some attention to his own case. Friends gathered around them amid the Land of Oranges, and now they are

both in a degree of health that enables the pastor to resume his pulpit and his good wife the care of her own home.

A valuable and interesting pamphlet on the methods of manufacture and of treatment by Compound Oxygen is sent free to all who desire it by Drs. STARKEY & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philad'a.

CALLER (to Flossie, whose mother has recently married the second time)—"Well, Flossie, how do you like your new papa?" Flossie—"I don't like him quite as much as I did at first. I'm afraid he isn't going to wear very well."—New York Sun.

FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been used, with unfailing success, for the relief and cure of Coughs, Hoarseness, and other throat troubles. The late REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER said of them: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable. I do not hesitate to say that your Troches are preeminently the best."—[Adv.]

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

NO CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S TABLE

SHOULD be without a bottle of ANGIUSTRA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Be sure to get the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

BEAUTY, COMFORT AND HEALTH.

In writing to me, one says: "Doctor, I have worn Gold, continuous Gum and Rubber plates, for years, but not until discarding them for yours have I found real, genuine satisfaction. For beauty, neatness, comfort and healthfulness, your splendid work is unrivaled. Why don't you advertise, so that others may know where and how to be benefited as I have been?" Others say: "Why, doctor, I would sooner travel 1,000 miles, and pay \$1,000 for one of your plates, than wear any other, at any price." Such statements and questions have finally overcome my deference to professional courtesy, and I now give out this notice—that for thirty years I have persistently striven to secure and utilize a perfectly inert material for artificial dentures (making advancements and improvements in manipulation all along the way—one of the greatest in elegance—during the last two years)—a material containing no poison, nor subject to galvanic action, and a good conductor of heat and cold—thus overcoming the three serious and fatal objections to all Combination plates, such as Gold, Rubber, Celluloid, etc., many victims of which have been restored to health and vigor by changing to my plates. I have succeeded, as thousands of well-pleased wearers of my plates positively assert, as such expressions as the above from many of my patrons indicate, and a multitude of testimonials declare. All persons wearing or needing artificial plates are invited to call in and see, hear, read and learn for themselves of this marvelous and vitally important advance in dentistry. Those from a distance can send for circular and testimonials. DR. WILLIAM E. DUNN, 331 Lexington Avenue (corner Thirty-ninth Street), New York City.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A LUCKY MAN.

WILLIAM LESLIE WINS A \$5,000 LOUISIANA LOTTERY PRIZE.

The last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery has rendered at least one San Franciscan happy, and he is William Leslie, who resides with his family at 2,505 California Street. He had the good fortune to hold a one-tenth ticket in the second capital prize of \$50,000, his share being \$5,000, the money being drawn through the agency of Wells, Fargo & Co., on November 22d.

A reporter yesterday called upon Mr. Leslie, who is employed in the type-casting department of Palmer & Rey's type foundry, at 407 Sansome St., and requested him to explain the circumstances that attended his good fortune.

"Well, sir," said he, with a smile, "I bought my ticket from a fellow-laborer of mine just two days before the drawing, paying him \$1 for it. I do not generally invest in lottery tickets, and when I bought this one that won \$5,000 I had no idea of the good fortune that awaited me. Imagine my astonishment when, upon picking up the Chronicle the day after the drawing, I saw that my ticket 69,368 had won a prize. My investment was a good one, and I have no reason to complain."

"What will you do with your money?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know yet, though I expect to go into business for myself at an early day." Mr. Leslie is about 35 years of age, an industrious workman, and is well liked by all who know him. His good stroke of fortune has not yet completely turned his head, and doubtless will not. Though earning a good salary as type-caster, it is likely that, with his new-found wealth, he will engage in mercantile pursuits, for which he has a great liking.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Nov. 30.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**Darlington.
Runk & Co.**

London Mackintoshes,
SILK and WOOL.

The Most Elegant Waterproof Garment Imported.

English Umbrellas,

Representing the very Highest Quality, in the Best Possible Taste.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

THE MAT

That takes dry dirt and mud and clay off your shoes at the door, deposits it underneath out of sight, and doesn't befool itself, is cleared, by a jar, of the little that clings to it—such a mat! There is one such mat! It is made of steel wire.

Steel for pillows, and bustles, and hair-puffs—why not for door-mats?

Never a door-mat half so effective even when new; or a quarter so slightly after the first day's new is off; or a tenth so cheap; or a hundredth part so easy to manage, care for, keep in order—think of keeping an old-fashioned door-mat in order! Ugh!

For dwellings, business houses, hotels and restaurants, cars—the harder the usage the more it is wanted. Prices range from \$2.50 to \$10 each.

HARTMAN STEEL CO. Limited,
BEAVER FALLS, PA.

118 Chambers St., New York; 151 Congress St., Boston; 107 Dearborn St., Chicago.

G. M. D.

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

**WILBUR'S
GOCOA-
THETA**

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspepsia and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

DR. DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR. For Men: Restores Hair, Promotes Growth, Removes Itch, and keeps the scalp cool. The only remedy. Extra strong, 2 for 1. 10c. a bottle. We present our gift, 10c. a bottle. Just think, we send 10c. a bottle, for 25c. or 1 page worth of stamps, mailed for 50c. a bottle. Smith Bldg., Co. Palestine, Ills.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack where ever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BALL!

Articles for the German and Dinner Parties. Carnival, Funny Caps, Cotton Figures, Ball Decorations, Masks, Wigs, Paper Lanterns, Games, Artificial Plants, etc., etc. GELBKE & BENEDICTUS, Dresden, Saxony. Illustrated Price books, in German and French, gratis.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.00.



Cuticura
A POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
Skin and Blood
Disease
from
PIMPLES to SCROFULA.

SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.



ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOLE AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

STEINWAY

The Standard Pianos of the World!

The Largest Establishment in Existence.

Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

ASK FOR
LIEBIG COMPANY'S

Joseph Liebig

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

**TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON**

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters.

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Don't Wait

Until your hair becomes dry, thin, and gray before giving the attention needed to preserve its beauty and vitality. Keep on your toilet-table a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor—the only dressing you require for the hair—and use a little, daily, to preserve the natural color and prevent baldness.

Thomas Munday, Sharon Grove, Ky., writes: "Several months ago my hair commenced falling out, and in a few weeks my head was almost bald. I tried many remedies, but they did no good. I finally bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, after using only a part of the contents, my head was covered with a heavy growth of hair. I recommend your preparation as the best hair-restorer in the world."

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delavan, Ill.; "but after using a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Pimples and Blotches,

So disfiguring to the face, forehead, and neck, may be entirely removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the best and safest Alternative and Blood-Purifier ever discovered.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists; \$1; six bottles for \$5.

Toboggan Suits

FOR Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

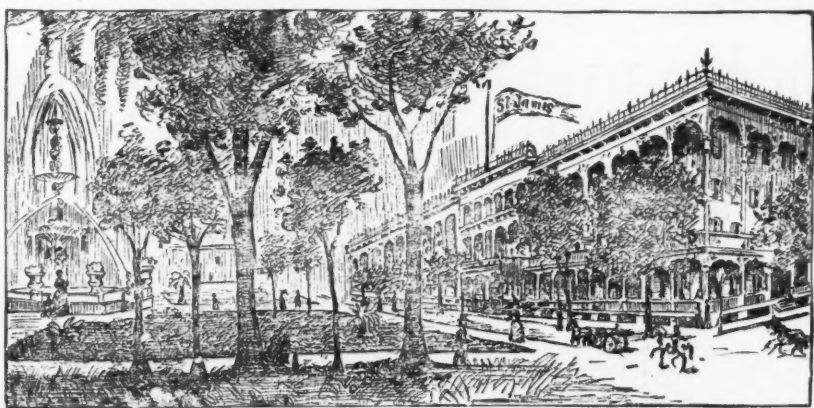
Unique and beautiful designs; Styles exclusively our own and prices as low as possible. Orders executed at short notice; Special rates to Clubs.

ORDERS BY MAIL from any part of the country will receive careful and prompt attention.

JAMES MCCREERY & CO.,
Broadway and 11th St.,
New York.



OUR LADIES' BOOK is beautifully illustrated, and contains Rules of Society, Fortune Telling, Language of Flowers, Hints on House Furnishing, Aids to Beauty, Dreamers' Dictionary, Palmistry, with diagram, Cookery for the Sick, Suggestions in Dress, Facts for Housekeepers, Goss of French Thought, etc. Sent for 10c. McDonald Drug Co., 522 Washington St., N. Y.



THE ST. JAMES, Jacksonville, Florida.

Capacity 500. Opp. St. James Park.

This well-known and sumptuous hotel, supplied with every modern convenience, is now open. Rooms may be secured by mail or wire. Address,

J. R. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.



The connecting link of Pullman travel between Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and Florida Resorts. Send for a Florida Guide.

E. O. MCCORMICK, G. P. A., Chicago.

SAN DIEGO

Has a finer climate and is growing faster in wealth and position than any city in Southern California. If you want to buy land or loan money on first mortgage, send \$1 for our valuable illustrated book and mention this paper. Send for all particulars to

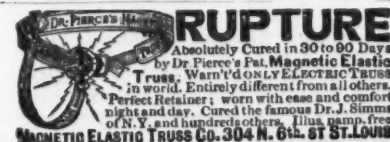
F. R. WETMORE & CO.,
Bankers and Real Estate Agents, San Diego, Cal.

ONE PACK May 10 U. S. Home Cards, One Pack Report Cards, One Pack
941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS (screw pictures, puzzles, games, cards, all new and original. All for 25c. Send for 15c.)

NOTICE GREAT FALL IN PRICES.



Skates at 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, etc.
C. RECHT, 183 Bowery, New York.



RUPTURE Absolutely Cured in 30 to 90 Days by Dr. Pierce's Pat. Magnetic Elastic Truss. Warranted ONLY ELECTRIC TRUSS in world. Entirely different from all others. Perfect Retainer; worn with ease and comfort night and day. Cured the famous Dr. J. Simms of N. Y. and hundreds others. Illus. pamph. free.

MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO. 304 N. 6th St. ST. LOUIS

TO STOUT PEOPLE. Advice Free How to Reduce Weight and cure Obesity by the only sure method. Strict Diet and nautical drugs unnecessary. New Treatise with full instructions How to Act, sent in plain sealed envelope for 6 stamps. Address: Dr. J. H. P. 131 Park Place, New York.

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